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THE SPHERE, AUGUST 24, 1935
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLII
No. 1857
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC
AUG. 24 1935

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, August 24, 1935

Good-bye to Italy

A Private of the Battalion of Carabinieri Bids Farewell to His Son as He Leaves for Service in East Africa

With the breakdown of the three-Power conversations in Paris as a result of Italy's demand for complete domination of the Ethiopian Empire, the prospects of an amicable settlement of the Italo-Abyssinian question have become yet more remote and, while the world is waiting and hoping against hope that a clash may be averted, Signor Mussolini continues to press forward with the mobilisation of his army for service in East Africa. As many as a quarter of a million men are said to have been massed in Eritrea already, and every week more ships are passing through the Suez Canal with fresh detachments and further supplies. On Sunday last the *Leonardo da Vinci* left Naples for Massawa with 1,000 civilians who are to assist in roadmaking. On Monday an equal number of Blackshirts sailed in the *Cesaro Baltisti*, while to-day (Saturday) 2,000 troops are due to embark on the *Saturnia*. Activity at all the southern Italian ports is intense, and farewell scenes such as that depicted above serve to remind many of their experiences of less than two decades ago

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND AT A HIGHLAND GATHERING: Queen Wilhelmina, who has been holidaymaking with Princess Juliana at St. Fillans, on the banks of Loch Earn, paid a visit to Crieff Games last Saturday and is seen in this picture walking with the Duke of Atholl *(on her right)*, Lord Lieutenant of Perthshire, and other notabilities, who met her on arrival

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, August 21, 1935.

LORD BRIDGEMAN.—The death of Lord Bridgeman at the early age of seventy will be widely mourned. For some time he had suffered from severe arthritis. He came of the Shropshire family of which Lord Bradford is the head, and was well loved in his county and greatly respected. For nearly a quarter century he represented Oswestry in Parliament, and like the county from which he sprang and in which he lived he was sound and conservative, full of sanity and common sense. Those qualities made him of great use to his country in both houses of Parliament. He held many minor posts under the Government and later was Home Secretary and First Lord. His knowledge of the Navy was made use of at Geneva, and his last important post was that of Chairman of the B.B.C. In his youth he was a notable cricketer, and his sons inherited his love of and skill at the game. He was, indeed, in his good sense and calm judgment, his lack of side and pretension, a typical Englishman of the upper class, for and from whom the trite phrase, "playing cricket," might have been coined. Such men as he have played the most notable part in building up the traditions and institutions of this happy country. He was a man who, without brilliance, could be depended on to do the right thing, a man whom every class and type trusted.

THE ROAD CENSUS.—As I drove along playing my little part as a unit in the great road census, I puzzled my head in wondering whether I was confusing the issue and should have been more considerate and useful if I had left my car in the garage. The weather was good census weather, not too hot, not wet. I confess that the science of statistics is a closed book to me. Of the 27,000 miles of 1st-class roads comprehended in the survey, I covered only a small, a tiny, part. But I passed a number of those little temporary sentry boxes and came under the eye of many of the 10,000 sleuths who were numbering and recording passing vehicles. How many times, I wondered, did my Vauxhall Light Six get a mention in despatches? More often, it seemed to me, than a pushful A.Q.M.G. in the great war. And what did I prove as I drove along and around backward and forward, morning, afternoon, and evening, on my lawful occasions? The day before I never went out at all. The day after I was in Scotland, far from my home. The new road requirements will be based in part on my actions during the census week. I much fear those roads will be a fraction of an inch narrower than they ought to be, by the fact that I vanished from the scenes of my normal *va-et-vient* after the first day of census. Ought I to warn the authorities and give them a chance to adjust their calculations?

ACCIDENTS: THE MOTORIST'S RESPONSIBILITY.—It would be unjust and ungracious in one who has sometimes stressed the recklessness and negligence of that small percentage of motorists who have blackened the reputation of motor drivers generally, not to refer to the latest inquiry by the Ministry into the causes of 1,500 road deaths in the early part of this year. These statistics reveal the motor driver in a far more favourable light than generally imagined. Of the "bloc" of 1,500 deaths more than half were due to collisions of vehicles with pedestrians; of these collisions, in no fewer than 85 per cent. cases, the main cause was negligence on the part of the pedestrian. He steps into the road, looking neither to right nor left, or dashes into the traffic stream from behind or in front of vehicles. Taking this estimate with reservations, there remains abundant proof, which daily experience confirms, that the pedestrian has still very little road sense or self discipline. The motorist-cyclist collision figures are little less favourable to the motorist; 74 per cent. of these accidents in which cyclists lost their lives are charged to the negligence of the cyclist. Again with reservations (since the cyclist was not there to give his version), the figure is favourable to the motorist. The figures will be bitterly attacked inevitably by pedestrian and cyclist organizations, and I do not feel competent to do more than quote them. One significant point in the statistics confirms the fact that road sense is still very deficient in pedestrians, viz., half the dead were over the age of fifty-four. That connotes that those unfortunates belonged to an era which knew nothing of normal speeds as high as 30 m.p.h., or roads as crowded as our own are in built-up areas. To blame these older folk is to blame human nature for not altering to suit the demands of modern science. Death is the interim payment we make for scientific perfection, and there are a great many of us who feel that the price is not justified.

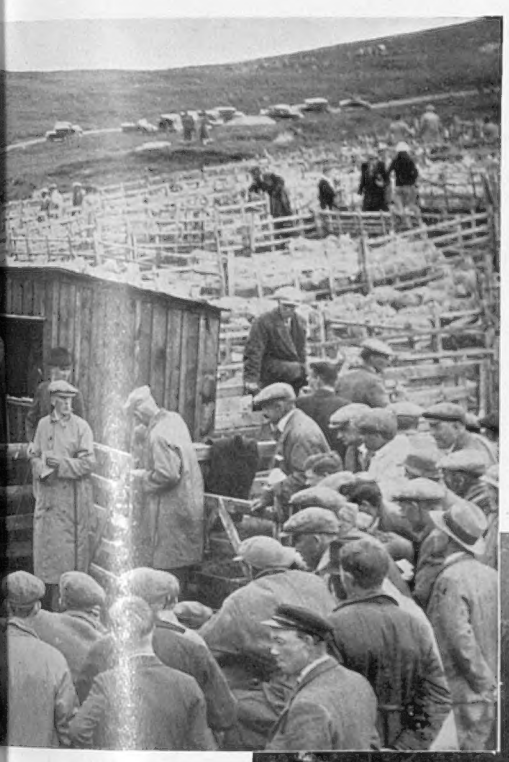
NO NEW THING.—Turning over the other day (not for the first time) Miss ffrench's instructive collection of press-cuttings of a century, I was really surprised to read from the *Express* of 1861 that London set up its first green and red light traffic (stop—go) signals seventy-five years ago! The contract was given to Messrs. Saxby and Farmer, a firm of railway engineers, to erect an experimental installation at the junction of Bridge and George Streets, Westminster. It appears to have been designed as a means of regulating both cross-ways traffic and crossing pedestrians. "Every schoolboy knows" that the congestion of vehicles in the streets of London was a crying scandal in the days of Charles II and (for that matter) of the Roman occupation. But it came as a real surprise to me to learn that red and green light signals for London traffic are such ancient history. Probably the Belisha Beacon was of Roman origin. Probably everything was discovered and invented and scrapped before the dawn of the history of our little civilisation.

A LINK WITH NELSON'S HARDY.—Lord Victor Seymour who died the other day, was for nearly thirty years vicar of St. Stephen's, Gloucester Road. Before that he spent seventeen years as Rector of Carshalton, where he went at the age of twenty-five. He had to overcome a good deal of opposition at first from Low church parishioners, but he became very popular in course of time. Not surprising, for he was a kindly, simple man, without a trace of "side" or priggishness, a good mixer, friendly, direct, and full of common sense. He spent much of his leisure at the Travellers' Club where he played a forceful, erratic, and curiously lucky game of billiards every evening, puffing his charred pipe, and openly rejoicing when the ivory balls vanished like magic into unexpected pockets. He was the fifth son of the 5th Marquess of Hertford by a daughter of Lord Mansfield. Lord Hertford was a soldier of some eminence and in his youth saw much of Lord Nelson's Hardy who was indeed his uncle by marriage. One night Hardy, who seldom spoke of his relations with Nelson, gave young Francis Seymour a long and detailed autobiographical sketch at dinner at Greenwich. Seymour rushed home and wrote down all that Hardy said. For a century his manuscript has remained unpublished in a despatch box. In October it will appear in print in *Nelson's Hardy and His Wife* which John Murray is publishing.

BRAMSHILL.—Bramshill Park, the seat of the Cope family since 1699, is in the market at last. That notable Roman Catholic family has struggled on long and manfully against the

A SUTHERLANDSHIRE SHEEP SALE: An animated scene at Lairg during the held last week and at which over 30,000 sheep were disposed of. Many tramped long distances, and not a few of them had been over a week on

inevitable of increasing taxation. Now at last it is for sale with its memories and its romance and its 1,000 surviving acres. The family was established in Banbury in 1400. Bramshill, which was built by Lord Zouche for James I's son Henry (so they say), was bought by the 5th baronet, Sir John Cope. Its range of large Jacobean saloons is famous, and its long gallery is one of the many "scenes" of the legend of "The Mistletoe Bough." You see the great house well across the dry heathland from the Hartley Row—Reading Road—framed in its screen of great Scotch firs, which Lord Zouche first introduced from Scotland into England. It is a ghostly house, and in my youth —at school near Eversley—we used to snatch a fearful joy in visiting it, for visitors in those days were not welcomed, if met with. I have thought since that Henry Kingsley had Bramshill and the Copes in mind when he wrote *Ravenshoe* (which, of course, he placed in the West and by the sea). His brother Charles was rector of Eversley, and Henry, perhaps, borrowed some of the Cope family's traditional Christian names, such as Denzil. Johnny Cope ("Are ye waukin' yet?"), who met his "Waterloo" at Preston Pans, and has been unfairly ridiculed ever since, was not nearly related to these Copes, though there was, a century earlier, a famous General Sir John —he who bought Bramshill. The house is a vivid and romantic memory of my youth, and I am sorry it must change hands. *Tout passe.*



annual auction which was of the shepherds had the road with their flocks

GOOD-BYE ADELPHI.

— The first stage in the rebuilding of the Adelphi is set. The memorial of the brothers Adam, which has indeed grown dingy and dirty like its neighbour, Villiers Street, will begin to disappear next year. The tenants of Adelphi Terrace and John Street have been informed that they must quit by March 25, 1936. The first area to come down is that between John, Robert, and Adam streets and the gardens. Buckingham Street hangs on but won't be happy again till he gets it. Think of the dust and the noise. Pepys lived on the site of No. 14; indeed it was built in his lifetime and its rooms are enchanting. Pepys would be reminded of the Great Fire, if he were living there in 1936. Some of the Adam ceilings still survive in the area to be destroyed. I worked under one lovely example myself. Others have been removed, and those remaining will not be destroyed but sold and set up elsewhere. So will many pretty mouldings and fanlights. It is time the Adelphi went, terrace, arches, and vaults. The latter are filthy beyond description and when the work is all done, the new 40 ft. wide street on the line of Adelphi Terrace will be a boon. But how like England to do the business without having settled the fate of Charing Cross. We are incomparable bunglers.

THE ROAD NORTH.—

"Let us take the road (Hark! I hear the sound of coaches)." So sang the jolly drinkers of *The Beggar's Opera*. For me at this season there is but one road, and the motor coaches have found it out. It is the road North. It runs by Stamford, Grantham, Newark, Pontefract, and Boroughbridge to Scotch Corner. Romance comes and goes. Stamford and Newark bring the romance of ancient song. The vale of York is dull going. At Scotch Corner you make your choice of at least four glorious routes across the Border. You may travel through Cumberland to Carlisle and Longtown and on through lonely Dumfriesshire to Moffat, or by Langholm to Hawick, or you may go through Cleveland with its solitary white farm steadings over High Force to Brampton, or you may travel due North through the Roman wall country (severely splendid at sunset) by Corbridge and Otterburn, or along that wonderful east coast road that carries you through popular cities, and gives you a sight of Alnwick and Holy Island, and leads you to the "independent State" of Berwick-on-Tweed. From Edinburgh you now have two choices, for your passage across the Queen's Ferry is no longer a gamble with time. The road through Lanark is dull but good, and you break out into the Highlands proper soon after Crieff, when you turn into the Sma' Glen. Thenceforth, there is nothing but romance, beauty, and interest before you, as you climb the Grampians to the high pass at Drumochter through the Atholl country and drink in the beauty of Killiecrankie, lovely in spring and summer, loveliest in October. And over the pass you drop down easily to the loveliest valley in the world, the great basin of Kingussie over which Cairngorm keeps eternal watch. By the roadside nowadays youth enjoys strenuous holiday in the wilds with little bivouacs and tents and those light trailer caravans which are apt to delay your progress along the road. But for all that it's an easy road, and once the Highlands are reached the baser instincts and habits of men and motorists are shed away, and kindliness and good temper and restraint smooth your way to the best holiday that offers. Let us take the road and forget the troubles of Europe for a brief space. The Grampian range is still a barrier and the best of life is still preserved to the north of Drumochter.

"THITHER NO MORE THE PEASANT SHALL REPAIR TO SWEET OBLIVION OF HIS DAILY CARE": A section of the open-air congregation of about 2,000 people which assembled on Sunday on the knoll outside Mardale Church, Westmorland, to hear the relay of the last service to be held there before it is submerged by the conversion of Haweswater into a reservoir for the supply of water to the city of Manchester. The Bishop of Carlisle preached the sermon

PROMISCUOUS DANCING.

—The Northern Presbytery of the Free Kirk, apropos a recent incident in kirk circles in Dornoch, made a pronouncement on dancing in these words:

> "We would prayfully and lovingly warn the young against promiscuous dancing and giving countenance to such Romish practices as that of observing Christmas Eve. Promiscuous dancing is notoriously a means of fostering the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life."

Stands Scotland where she did? This is a weighty and significant pronouncement; a hard saying. Dare one risk the obvious danger that lies in examining it, of bringing a hornet's nest about one's ears in holiday time. I will say no word in defence of the scarlet — lady. But of the word "promiscuous" I will dare to speak. All dancing is surely promiscuous—always excepting David's *pas seul* before the Ark and similar individual break-downs. Ergo, all dancing gives a fillip to pride of life (not to mention the lusts of the flesh which are comprehended largely in the lusts of the eye). And I had imagined that it was not so wrong to foster pride of life, and that Nature achieved some of her vital ends through the lusts of the flesh and even of the eye. But the Northern Presbytery has prayfully and lovingly warned its young people against an insidious promiscuity that leads straight to the unquenchable fire. Hell yawns in the modern dance-hall, so it is perhaps lucky for me that I yawn also. Stands Scotland where she did? Here's proof o't.

THE OXFORD GROUP.—

In reference to my recent note on the group house parties held at Oxford in July, I received several friendly requests from correspondents never again to use the term "Buchmanites." I am told that Dr. Buchman hates the name and so do groupites the world over. It is, it seems, a misleading term which suggests separate sects where none exist. The members without distinction and without exception are loyal members of their own churches, be those churches high, low, free or otherwise designated. The group is above party, class, sect. . .

RENDER UNTO CAESAR.

—An earthenware jar containing about 4,000 silver pennies of Edward III has been unearthed by a workman at Boyton Manor, a few miles from Warminster, Wilts. Boyton is one of the most charming of the lesser Tudor manor houses in England, and lies in that lovely river valley which connects Salisbury with Warminster. Always I felt it was capable of holding mysteries. Diamonds have scratched Elizabethan messages on its leaded glass panes, its woods are melancholy and mysterious; it is a house with a story. For generations Mr. Henry Fane's ancestors held it, and only the other day he sold it to Mr. Sidney Herbert, M.P. The "inquest" soon settled the fate of the treasure trove; Crown, finder, and territorial owner share in just proportion. But it is tantalising to have sold so few months before a find so interesting.

EDUCATION AT THE ZOO.

—Go to the ant. Find your way in due course to the insect house at the Zoo. And it shall teach thee. The authorities have decided to increase the educational importance of the Zoo. The old beaver enclosure is to be re-designed so as to give visitors a "close-up," telescopic view of those selfless patriots and industrious citizens—the ants. The beaver pond will be converted into an archipelago of large and small islands. Each main island will be supplied with pine needles for colonization by "large blacks." The large islands will communicate with smaller islands exclusively reserved as official feeding places. The communication will be by open bridges. Thus every ant must cross the open bridge to reach its "larder," and these bridges will be constantly raked by human eyes looking through telescopes. Every detail of their industrious life will be above board. If one colony decides on war, it must find its own means of invasion, whether by water, by bridgeway, or by air. Official Providence does not contemplate war. It will do all it can to isolate and insulate each colony. But—well, you know what ants (and men) are; very combative and very inventive. War is not impossible. Now it occurs to me: Is it too late for humanity to profit from the ant even more richly than by an example of perfect patriotism, of selfless citizenship, and of matchless industry? Cannot we use the ant to settle our international disputes? The idea, I know, is no newer than other ideas. Wells, when he invented his war-game, put in a strong plea for the settlement of international disputes on a drawing-room floor with little toy soldiers and tape measures and chalk lines. But it may be that lifeless, toy robots could never have won enough interest. It might be different with living creatures. I suggest that at Geneva there should be built an international ant-arena and that in it should be fought out the last bitter dispute between (say) Ruritania and Kranovia. The disputant countries would bring to the arena each its trained colony of fighting ants, and the battle would there and then be joined and fought out, while the concert of Europe or the League experts watched through telescopes. Fantastic? But is any existing scheme for peace in Europe more practical to-day? Anyway, if the bad old ways of death struggles between men are to continue, we ought to get some useful hints from the new beaver pond as to best means of invading the closely-protected territory of our neighbours. The War Council must have permanent passes to the Zoo.

THE OLD STAGER

SEVEN DAYS O

WAITING FOR THE ITALIAN REPLY: M. Alexis Leger, Secretary-General to the French Foreign Office; Sir Robert Vansittart, Permanent Under-Secretary at the British Foreign Office; and Mr. Anthony Eden, Britain's Minister for League Affairs, seen in earnest conversation during an interval in last week's meeting in Paris at which France and Great Britain attempted unsuccessfully to find a peaceful solution to the Italo-Abyssinian problem

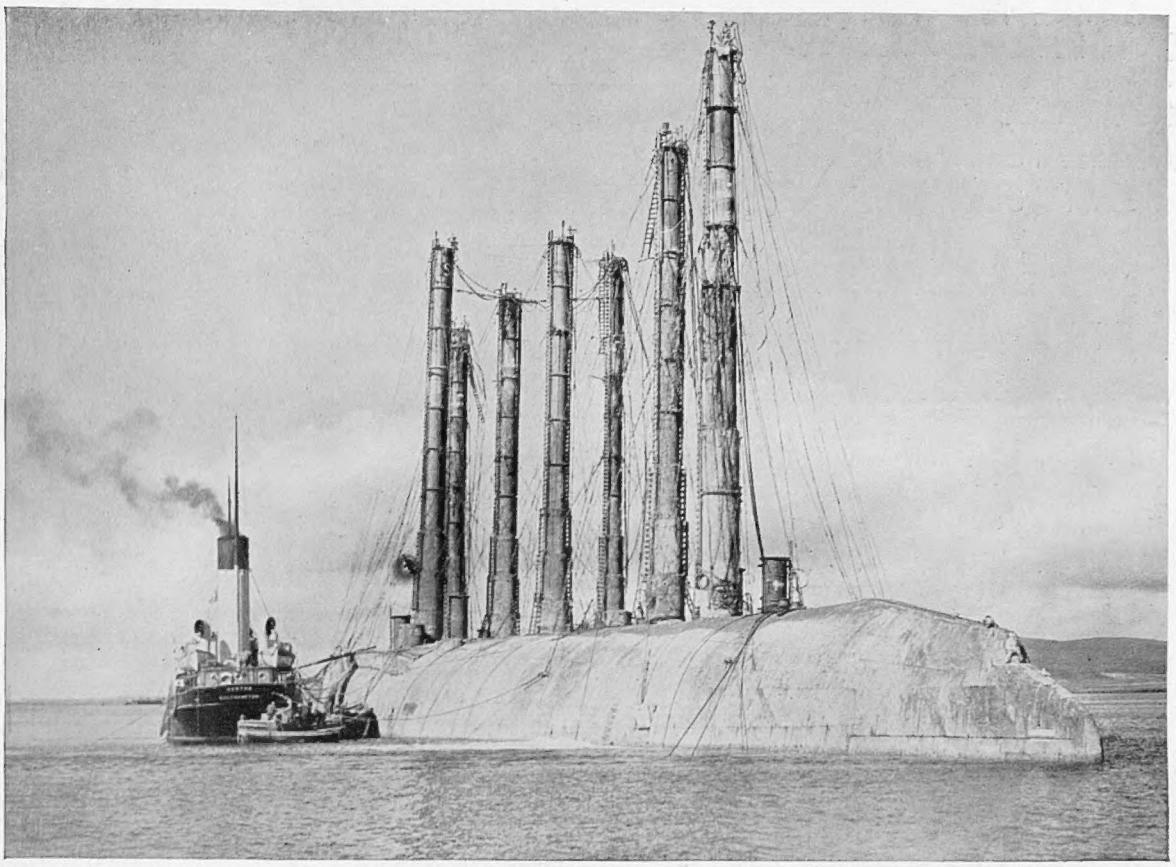
OBDURATE: Baron Aloisi, the Italian delegate, whose claim that Italy should have complete domination over Abyssinia, and that nothing less would be acceptable, was the direct cause of the breakdown of last week's vital three-Power talks in Paris

MLLE JOSÉ LAVAL, the daughter of the French Premier, at work at the Quai d'Orsay, where, prior to her marriage this week, she was acting as secretary to her father. Her husband is Comte René de Chambrun, the son of a distinguished French soldier

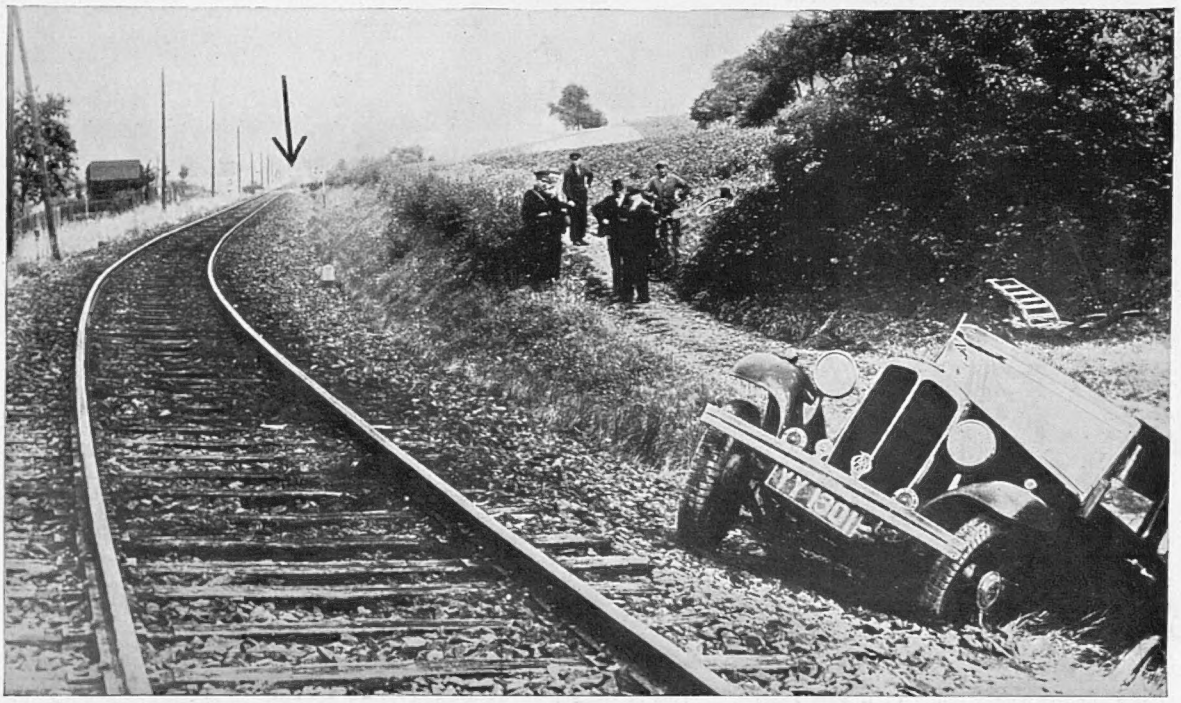
SEEING HOW WE DO IT: Lieut.-Colonel Roger, a French military attaché, in conversation with two British officers during the manœuvres carried out at Aldershot last week by the infantry of the 2nd Division. The exercises were designed to give the commander of the 6th Infantry Brigade practice in handling his now mechanised force, and they provided a striking example of how vastly military methods have changed during the past twenty years

HISTORY

AN HONOUR FOR THE MARINES: The Royal Marine Battalion, which has been chosen for the first time in its history to take over guard-mounting duties at the Royal Palaces, marching out of Waterloo Station en route to Chelsea Barracks after arrival in London last week. At the end of its stay the battalion will exercise its ancient privilege of parading through the City with bayonets fixed and colours flying



ANOTHER SALVAGE TRIUMPH: The ex-German battleship, *König Albert*, which, together with other vessels of the German High Seas Fleet, was scuttled at Scapa Flow in 1919, has now been brought to the surface and is floating upside down in the harbour with the giant air locks that were used to raise her towering 100 ft. above her upturned hull



THE PASSING OF A MASTER OF FINANCE: The wreckage of the car in which Sir Basil Blackett was killed a few days ago when he came into collision with a goods train at a level crossing near Giesen, Hesse, Germany. The arrow indicates the crossing from which the car was swept forward into the position here shown. Sir Basil, who was a director of the Bank of England, was probably the ablest and most acute financial mind of his generation and had assisted more than one country in dealing with its economic problems. His greatest triumph was in India where in six years as Finance Member of the Viceroy's Executive Council he effected a rigorous retrenchment of expenditure and a number of far-sighted reforms which enabled him to balance the Budget and rescue the country from financial chaos

BEFORE THEIR LAST ADVENTURE: Will Rogers, the famous American humorist, and his friend, Wiley Post, the equally famous aviator, seen together at Seattle, Washington, a few days before they lost their lives in an air crash in Alaska. All America is mourning them

TOLL OF THE ROAD: The car which Lord de Clifford was driving when he came into collision on the Kingston by-pass with a car driven by Mr. Douglas Hopkins, the racing motorist. Mr. Hopkins was killed, but his two companions were only slightly injured and were able to return home after receiving treatment at a hospital. At the inquest a verdict of manslaughter was returned against Lord de Clifford, who was alleged to have been on the wrong side of the road

"LETITIA" AGROUND, AND TWO LINERS IN COLLISION

Havoc Wrought by Dense Fogs in the Irish Sea

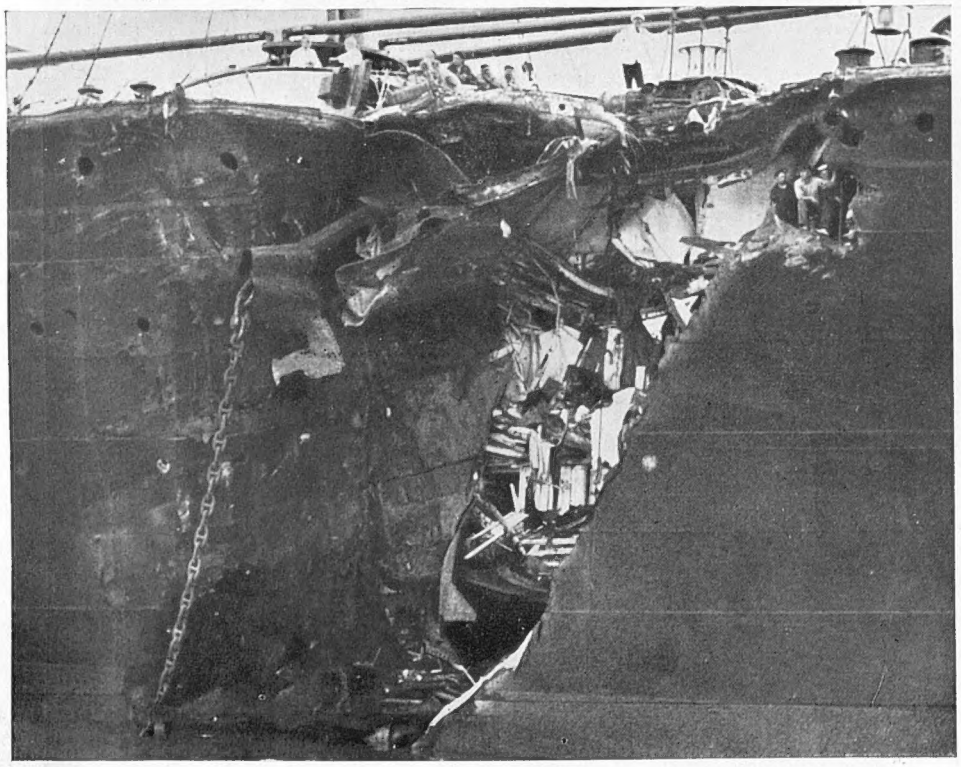
□

Six Men Lose Their Lives on "Laurentic"

A GIANT IN DISTRESS: The 13,475-ton Donaldson Atlantic Line steamer, *Letitia*, which was homeward bound from Montreal with about 300 passengers, seen stranded off Orlock Point, County Down, where she went aground in a thick fog on Friday of last week. Five powerful tugs, assisted by the vessel's own engines, failed to refloat her on Monday evening in spite of the fact that much of the cargo had been removed, and that for an hour and a half at high tide every ounce of power was exerted, but on Tuesday she was successfully dislodged from the sandbank and afterwards anchored at the entrance to Belfast Lough

□

WHILE THE DONAGHADEE LIFEBOAT STANDS BY SOME OF "LETITIA'S" THREE HUNDRED PASSENGERS ARE TRANSFERRED TO THE BELFAST TENDER "ROBINA" following the failure of the first attempt to refloat the liner. This is the second time this year *Letitia* has been aground; the first occasion being in April last off the coast of Greece, when with four hundred passengers on board she was held fast ashore for nearly forty-eight hours



DISASTER IN THE IRISH SEA: The shattered bows of the 10,116-ton Blue Star freight liner, *Napier Star* (*above*), and the gaping hole in the side of the 18,724-ton Cunard White Star cruising liner, *Laurentic* (*left*), after the two ships had come into collision in a fog near the Isle of Man last Sunday morning. No one on board *Napier Star* was injured, but six members of the crew of *Laurentic*, who were in their bunks at the time, were killed instantly and five others were injured. Both vessels were able to struggle into Liverpool without having to receive aid

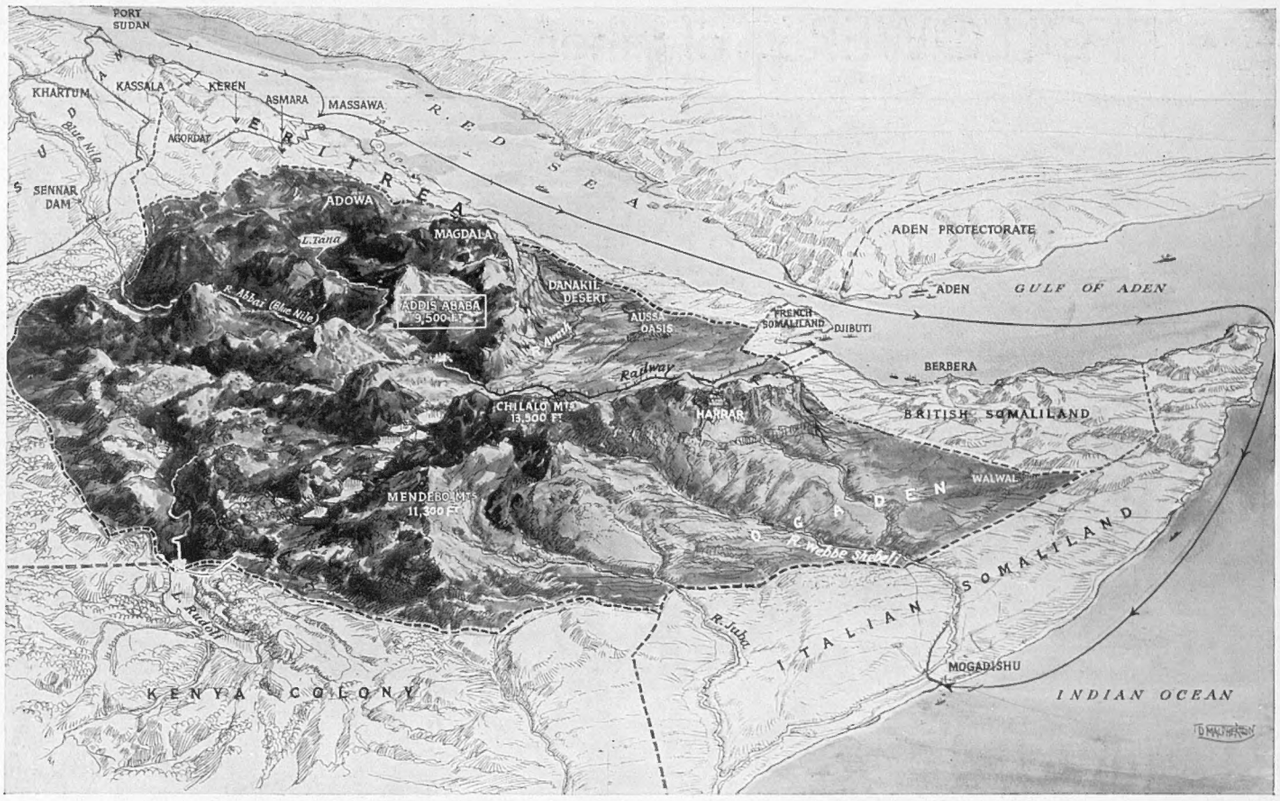
The Scottish Herring-Gutters at Work at North Shields

FOLLOWERS of the SHOALS

Girls Who Gain a Precarious Livelihood from the Sea

WHEN THE FLEET RETURNS: The Scottish fisher girls, who go from port to port dealing with the catch as the herring appear at varying points on the east coast of Britain, seen gutting and salting the fish on the quay at North Shields where work has been in full swing. Of recent years the herring industry has had to face a series of crises brought about by a 50 per cent. drop in exports and an almost equal falling off in home consumption, but the fortitude of the fisherfolk has been truly remarkable and it is to be hoped that this year wholesale prices will take a much-needed turn for the better

A HARD-WORKING TRIO: Three herring gutters pose for a picture on North Shields quay. Last season some of them wondered how they were going to save sufficient money out of their meagre wages to pay their fares home, but this year they are hoping for better things now that the Herring Board is making progress with its new scheme for reorganising and developing the industry



THE LIE OF THE LAND: A bird's-eye view showing the principal geographic features of Abyssinia (shaded grey) and of the adjacent colonies of Italian Eritrea, French Somaliland, British Somaliland, Italian Somaliland, and Kenya. A particular point of interest is the manner in which the Ethiopian Empire is cut off from the sea, its only outlet being along the railway linking Addis Ababa with the French port of Djibouti. Most of the Italian troops are at present massing at Asmara and Massawa in Eritrea, and the concentration at Mogadishu in Somaliland is as yet only very small

Specially drawn for "The Sphere" by D. Macpherson

Italy and Ethiopia Prepare

How the Two Nations are Mobilising Their Forces

WHILE Governments argue and the world looks on, war in East Africa comes a little nearer each day. Last week Signor Mussolini called up a further batch of reserves, bringing the total of Italian forces under arms up to well over 800,000. It is officially stated in Rome that the number will soon be 1,000,000. Between 150,000 and 250,000 men are already concentrated in Eritrea and Italian Somaliland, and they are being reinforced steadily. They comprise regular soldiers and conscripts, native troops, and a contingent of the Blackshirt militia. The latter compose about one-third of the total. There have also been imported into the two colonies in the last few months not fewer than 25,000 workmen.

For geographical, climatic, and strategical reasons most of this force is stationed in Eritrea. Of the two colonies this is the nearer, the healthier, and the more advantageous for advancing. It has good ports, cool highlands, and adjoins the part of Abyssinia which for more than one motive Italy would like to occupy. For by occupying it she would at the same time avenge Adowa and gain possession of the Tigré region, generally regarded as the most suitable for colonial settlement and development. It is here, the Italians think, that cotton and other valuable raw materials could be produced.

Merely to receive the troops and material necessary for a campaign, an enormous amount of labour has already been necessary in Eritrea. Since the beginning of the year the little colony has been transformed from a listless backwater into a busy hive of military and industrial activity. Roads have been built and relaid, the railway service trebled, new wells sunk, and reservoirs constructed. The hospital accommodation has been greatly increased, while two new airports are being completed, at Asmara and Assab, to supplement that already in existence at Massawa. The civilian population of the colony alone has risen from 5,000 to over 50,000.

The greatest initial difficulty was the inadequacy of landing arrangements, and of accommodation for men and material once landed. For many weeks the harbour at Massawa was congested with traffic waiting to unload, troops, munitions, and food supplies. One ship, after languishing for a month at the entrance was forced to retire on Aden without disembarking its cargo, owing to shortage of water and provisions. On shore, men and animals were herded together in conditions which made them an easy prey to tropical diseases; while stores of food and material were dumped haphazard without cover. There was also a grave shortage of water which at one period had actually to be shipped from Aden.

This situation has now been to a large extent remedied. Thanks to motor transport and the improvement of roads, supplies are removed as soon as landed and taken to Asmara in the hills, where the principal military camp is now established, with an advanced base at Adi Urgi, eighteen miles from Adowa across the frontier. As a result, the unloading capacity of the port has greatly increased, and though it is still far from adequate there is much less confusion. Water supplies are better, though still rationed to 2 quarts per man per day.

As regards casualties from illness, it is difficult to come at accurate figures, but they have undoubtedly fallen off since the removal of the army to the higher ground, where the climate is cool and relatively healthy. A recent report from Alexandria put at 5,000 the number of men who have passed homeward in hospital ships. The commonest diseases are malaria and dysentery, but there are also a few cases of typhoid fever. Some of the Italian hospital ships are being diverted, it is reported, towards Rhodes, where preparations have been made to receive large numbers of casualties.

With the other Italian islands forming the Dodecanese, Rhodes has now been taken over entirely to form an advanced base for the coming war, and all arrivals and departures there are strictly controlled.

The Suez Canal has not seen such activity since the last war. A month ago the stream of outward-going traffic was almost continuous. There was then a lull, but latest reports indicate that this period has passed. Revival of the suggestion that the League of Nations should close the Canal may be partly responsible for the resumption of activity. The local purveyors, ships' chandlers, victuallers, etc., are all profiting, as is the Suez Canal Company.

The transports all carry the Italian flag, though many of them have been chartered abroad. They carry soldiers, blackshirts, labourers, and artisans, and every sort of material from high explosives to beer, and Ford vans to medical comforts. In the first days their arrival at Port Said was the signal for enthusiastic demonstrations in which patriotic Italians on shore fraternised with those on board. Latterly, however, there has been little contact with the land. The ships lie at anchor, waiting their turn to proceed, with their companion ladders drawn up. Not even the officers are allowed to land, and the provisions purchased by the stewards are passed inboard from boats. The moral of the men is nevertheless reported as excellent, and there has, so far, been no hint, even from his political opponents, that the ardour inspired by their Duce is in any way diminished.

And yet the strain on the Italian people morally and materially is already tremendous, and it has only just begun. They are launched on an enterprise which even Britain, in her days of Imperial expansion, would have thought about twice, and three times, before embarking on it. And Italy's resources are small compared with England's. To meet the needs merely of her preparations she has been forced to abandon the gold standard. Her credit abroad is so precarious that English manufacturers and coal exporters are chary of making further deliveries. She is buying coal from Poland, steel from Germany, and foodstuffs and shoes from India, but the question of eventual payments looms larger and larger.

The cost incurred is not only financial. Lives have been lost and not merely among the rank and file. A fortnight ago an Italian 'plane, one of a new series to be employed over Abyssinia, nose-dived from 10,000 ft. and crashed, a blazing wreck, into the desert beyond Cairo. Every occupant was killed instantaneously, including Signor Razza, the Minister of Public Works, and Baron Franchetti, the millionaire explorer. The two men were on their way to Eritrea and their deaths are a heavy blow to the Italian cause. Signor Razza was one of the closest and most trusted collaborators of Signor Mussolini, and Baron Franchetti was an expert on Abyssinia, whose knowledge would have been invaluable to his country, whatever future lies ahead of her. Like his English counterpart, the late Louis Nesbitt, author of a book on the Danakil, he was killed before he could put this knowledge to use at the very moment it was about to be called in service. Nesbitt, it will be remembered lost his life a few weeks previously, when the aeroplane in which he was returning to England hit the side of a mountain while flying across the Alps. He was on his way back from Abyssinia to fix up a contract as special correspondent.

And what of Ethiopia, against whom all this energy is being mobilised? According to reliable estimates the regular army numbers not more than 40,000, although levies up to 500,000 could probably be raised to resist an invasion. The regulars have been trained by European officers, are well disciplined and equipped with modern rifles and machine-guns, besides a small number of field guns. There is also said to be a large number of modern firearms kept in reserve, which would be distributed among the levies when necessary. The latter at present provide their own weapons, which vary, if report be true, from muzzle-loaders to mausers. The levies are simply tribesmen acting under their own chiefs. They are brave, extremely mobile and natural marksmen, but in no sense comparable with a European army, even one composed of native troops. As guerilla fighters, however, in their own country, they could harass an enemy badly.

The distribution of the Abyssinian forces opposing an advance from Eritrea was recently stated to be as follows:—30,000 men under Ras Seyoum, a royal prince and one time chief rival of the Emperor, concentrated around Adowa in the Tigre; between 50,000 and 70,000 under Ras Kassa, the Emperor's cousin, gather to the north of Lake Tana; another 60,000 or 70,000 guarding the eastern approaches to the central plateau and therefore to the capital Addis Ababa.

There is also, of course, the possibility of an attack from Italian Somaliland. Although the Italian forces here are very much smaller than those concentrated in Eritrea, an advance from the south would be across wild and sterile but flat country, and might be easier than an attack over the series of rugged mountains and precipitous valleys which bar the route from Massawa to Magdala. In 1868 Sir Robert Napier passed this way with a British expeditionary force of 30,000 men. But though the campaign was entirely successful, the natural obstacles overcome were prodigious; while the British had the support, or at least the friendly neutrality, of local tribes in revolt against the cruel and mad Emperor Theodorus.

M.

Last Pictures of Bobby Who Died Recently at Berlin Zoological Gardens

THE PASSING OF A GREAT GORILLA

One of the Largest of its Species that has ever been Kept in Captivity

THE KING KONG OF BERLIN ZOO: Bobby looking out through the bars of his cage a few days before his death, the cause of which has not as yet been ascertained. He was a magnificent specimen of a gorilla weighing over 37 stone and had been one of the chief attractions at the Zoological Gardens ever since he was brought to Germany seven years ago. Bobby was extraordinarily distrustful of all strangers, and even his keeper had to take the greatest care when entering his cage

A STUDY IN RESENTMENT: Bobby scowls at his pet aversion—the photographer and his camera

Bobby was not exactly a lovable creature, but visitors to Berlin Zoo will miss him sadly, for he was without doubt one of the most interesting inhabitants of the gardens. Gorillas as a rule live only a short while in captivity, and countless attempts to rear them in Europe have failed, so it was a matter for wonderment that Bobby should have survived for seven years after his capture in Africa and subsequent transportation to Germany. The cause of his death is a mystery, and all that is known is that at the beginning of this month he suddenly refused food, even favourite dishes, and developed a tenderness round the mouth. An attempt was made to treat him, but he could not be induced to take medicine, and in the end he became so violent that it would have been dangerous for anyone to enter his cage. It was hoped that the illness would run its course, and that he would recover without medical aid, but it was not to be, and within three days Bobby was dead. During his lifetime the Zoo authorities very rarely allowed anyone to photograph the gorilla, as the great creature, who was quick-tempered to a degree, would fly into such a violent rage when he saw a camera pointed through the bars of his cage that it was considered a menace to his health. Special permission, however, was obtained for Herr Hilmar Pabel to take the accompanying pictures, which were made only a few days before Bobby's sudden death

On left—BESTRIDING HIS NARROW WORLD LIKE A COLOSSUS: Another study of Bobby which gives a good idea of his walking action. When he came to Berlin at the age of three he weighed no more than two stone

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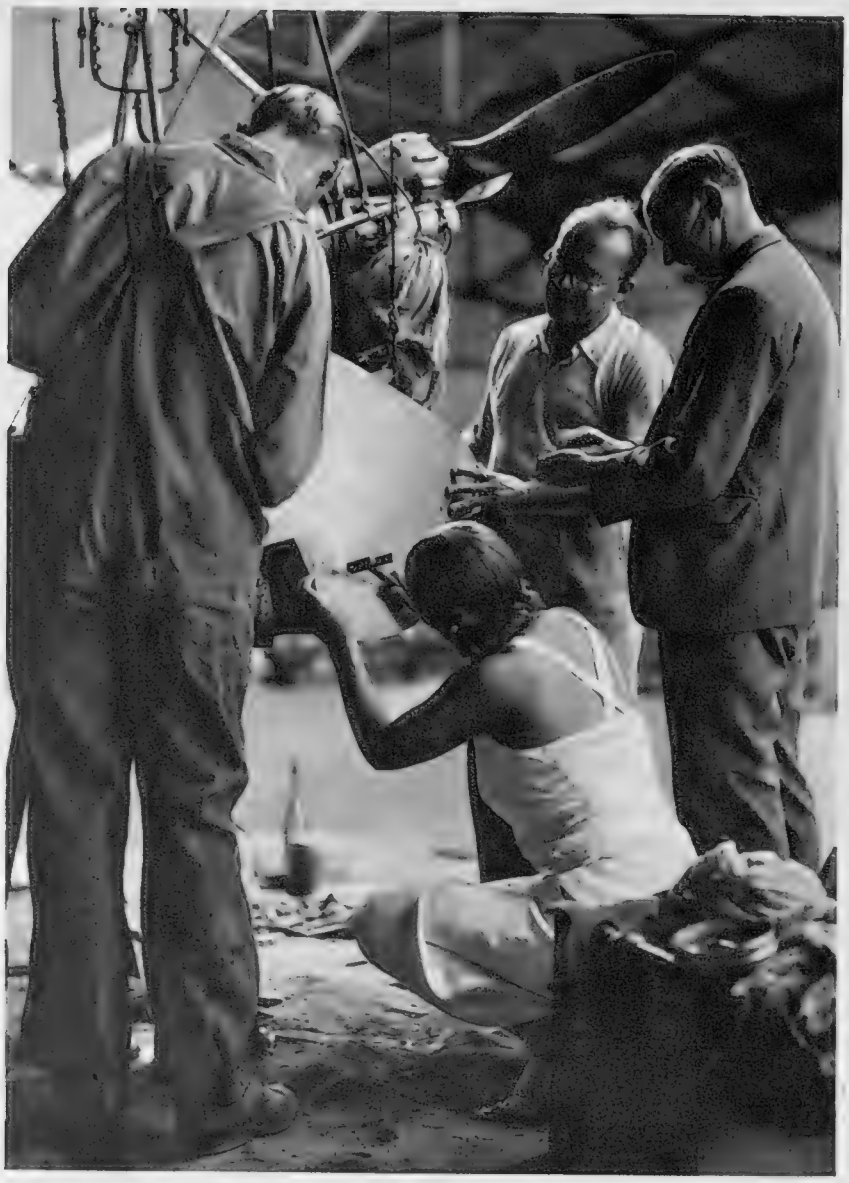

"MANY HANDS . . .": A family engaged in building a Flying Flea in their garage. These diminutive craft, which can travel about 50 miles on a gallon of petrol and have a cruising speed of over 60 m.p.h., are now being constructed by countless enthusiasts who are following the instructions given by M. Henri Mignet, the French inventor, in his book which has recently been translated into English

Advent of the Flying Flea

The Home-made, Light Aeroplane which can be Built for as Little as £70 and is Claimed to be Safe Even for Novices

By C. D. PALMER

SOME time ago a Frenchman, M. Henri Mignet, was bitten with the desire to fly, but having tried it came to the conclusion that the business of flying in the conventional aeroplane was far too dangerous and difficult and moreover far too costly. M. Mignet is over forty and admits as a result of his experience that he is no aeroplane pilot.

But he still longed to fly and so he set to work to design a machine which he, and hundreds like him, would be able to control with confidence. He devised a revolutionary system of control and a new arrangement of the wings, and the result was a machine which can be built cheaply in one's own backyard and flown safely by the ordinary untrained amateur. This machine he called the Pou du Ciel or Flying Flea.

M. Mignet's little aeroplane is definitely a success in France and there literally hundreds of amateurs are building their own machines and getting a great deal of fun out of flying them. Furthermore the movement to develop the cheap, simple, ultra-light aeroplane has spread to England where it is receiving every encouragement from the Air League of the British Empire.

M. Mignet exhibited his own Pou du Ciel at the Paris Aero Show last November. With a 17 h.p. two-stroke engine the machine had a top speed of 62 m.p.h. and landed at between 18 and 25 m.p.h. The engine is in front and the pilot sits immediately behind it and there is a large rudder in the usual position. There is no tail-plane in the usually accepted sense but instead there are two main planes one of which, the larger, is immediately above the pilot's head. The other is behind him level with his neck and is thus slightly below the level of the rear edge of the forward plane. It is the "slot" effect of the air passing between these two planes which gives the Flying Flea its non-stalling, non-spinning qualities.

Control is entirely revolutionary. M. Mignet came to the conclusion that the controls of the conventional aeroplane were too complicated for the uninitiated. The steering has to be done by the feet by means of a rudder bar, lateral balance has to be maintained by moving the central control lever sideways, and the same lever has to be moved forward or backward to make the machine go up or down and keep it level fore and aft. Turns require a combination of these movements.

In the Flying Flea M. Mignet has abolished the rudder-bar, and he has also abolished ailerons on the wings for lateral balance. He has mounted his main wing on a pivot, and the angle of the wing is changed by the fore-and-aft movement of the control column, thus making the machine rise or descend. The rudder is turned by a sideways movement of the control column, and the wings are so shaped that the machine banks itself for the turn. The design of the wings and their position above the body give the machine lateral stability, so that the Flying Flea looks after itself as far as lateral balance is concerned. Thus M. Mignet has reduced his control system to a single lever which, moved backwards and forwards, controls the fore-and-aft movement of the machine, and moved sideways controls its direction.

This complete change from the ordinary aeroplane controls may be at first rather confusing to qualified aeroplane pilots. Minor mishaps to some of the Flying Fleas which have flown in England are probably due to the fact that their pilots were accustomed to aeroplane technique and found the new control system strange.

M. Mignet has written a book describing how he designed and flew his first Flying Flea and giving details of how to build and fly these machines. His book, *The Flying Flea*, has been translated into English by the Air League of the British Empire. In it is included a complete list of materials and engines so that amateur enthusiasts may know where to obtain the right materials.

As for the cost. This must depend on how much work the prospective constructor is prepared to put into his machine himself. A well-known firm of sail plane constructors will supply the engine and parts for assembling the machine for £185 or the complete machine for £20[illegible]. These of course are factory built parts and if the amateur is prepared to build the wings and body himself and provide his own labour it will cost him very much less.

A PIONEER: Mr. F. V. Appleby's Flying Flea, one of the first to be built in England, seen during the demonstration flight which it made at Heston last month and which unfortunately ended in a crash. The 'plane overturned in a cabbage patch, but the pilot suffered only slight injuries

A MODERN BLERIOT: M. Henri Mignet, the inventor of the Flying Flea or *Pou du Ciel*, standing beside the machine in which he made a cross-Channel flight last week from Calais to Lympne under adverse weather conditions. He has lately been touring Northern and Southern France to demonstrate the airworthiness of his 'plane, and it was announced a few days ago that he was planning to pay visits to many of the more important aero clubs in Great Britain

The Air Ministry has shown its desire to encourage the owners of ultra light aeroplanes, for example the Flying Flea, and motor-assisted gliders by relaxing the regulations as far as possible while safeguarding the safety of the public. The costly requirements of the Certificate of Airworthiness have been waived and Flying Fleas need not hold this certificate. They must, however, be registered. Owners may learn to fly on their own machines, but until they have qualified for the pilot's "A" licence they must remain within 3 miles of a recognised aerodrome. They must not fly over congested areas and must be insured against third party risks in the sum of £5,000, a matter which can be arranged on advantageous terms through the Air League of the British Empire.

There seems every indication that the Flying Flea has a big future amongst those who are air-minded, but have not the money to buy and maintain a full-sized machine, and to judge by the number now under construction, they will soon be a familiar sight all over the country.

MAKING THE WINDS THEIR SERVANT

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE: A member of the London Gliding Club about to start out on a flight at Dunstable, Bedfordshire, during the club's annual summer camp which was officially held from August 1 to August 14, but was continued for several more days in response to the popular demand. Sixty-five people attended, and over fifty gliding certificates were awarded to those who passed the various tests

Scenes at the London Gliding Club's Summer Camp

On right—ALL HANDS TO THE ROPE: Hauling a machine up the slope preparatory to a flight at the London Gliding Club's ground. While the camp was in progress no fewer than fourteen gliders were in action

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The Club of Elegants

How Paris Attempted to Revive her Pristine Social Glories and Simulated a Gaiety for which She was once Famous

A HIGHLIGHT OF THE SEASON: M. Lebrun, President of the French Republic, seen at the celebrations held on board *Normandie* shortly before the liner sailed for New York on her record-breaking maiden voyage

By FERDINAND TUOHY

That Paris is experiencing a bad time, socially, is well known. Several interacting reasons for her decline, as cosmopolitan magnet, have been advanced in varying quarters. Thus, the most popular explanation in the French Press is that the political disturbances and threat of more to come, coupled with inadequate native propaganda to cope with tendentious foreign criticism, have been the principal factors. That the depreciation of foreign currencies against the gold franc may have something to do with it, is ignored. However, it is not the intention here to go into causes of which one could easily enumerate a dozen and still leave others unmentioned.

What is certain is that, this past summer, an extraordinary and unique push was made to try and retrieve things.

The Paris Season lately run its course should find a niche by reason of the introduction, for the first time on any social stage, of fashionable shock troops to keep things moving—or, at any rate, to give the illusion of this. Some may have read young Vanderbilt's *Farewell to Fifth Avenue*. Well, it was just as if his inner and outer fringes of American society had been told, or rather, organised to "go places and be seen" with a view to bolstering up a "season" that had almost ceased to exist on account of economic, social, and political interventions. The defence of the franc has been no more inspiring an affair than the defence of what one might call the Place Vendôme—hub and symbol of a once-stepping-out cosmopolitan world wont to gravitate round a famous caravanserai.

In such Parisian ambiance a gallant stand was made. In the chronic absence of foreign custom the native fair and gallant saw themselves marshalled day after day, night after night, that the impression might be given of a "Tout-Paris" still brillantly circulating. Not to respond to the official whip, as sent out by this or that famous or noble name, was to let Paris down. To fail to conform to dress requirements was a still more grievous lapse, inasmuch as the main charge against Paris was that it had mislaid its elegance. If le gentleman could journey in evening dress in a London 'bus, without provoking smiles, then so could a Parisian be seen publicly *en habit et avec le tube* (no reference to transport, the last word)! As for that glory of all womanhood, the smart Parisienne, hers to make special effort towards luxuriousness; and, lo, one beheld her naked of back and shoulder, diademed, plumed, and ornamented. (Needless to say, the plumes and diadems were in answer to the Jubilee Courts.)

In point of fact, it needed the spontaneity, the ceremonial and elegance of London this year, to press home with Parisians how seriously their own city had lost in attractiveness and appeal. The awakening was rude, as must ever be so where a great vanity has played, promoting a steadily expanding myopia in its train. Paris simply could not realise, at first, what had happened.

Once things *were* appreciated, events began to march. A gorgeous publicity stunt-cum-large-scale slice of Couéism was put up, with Elegance determined to demonstrate that, far from Paris having lost her sex-appeal or being in the doldrums, "every day in every way we are growing more charming and scintillating." That was the idea. Lighter legend should relate how in 1935 the Club of Elegants was wafted into being with mission to tell the world that nothing of tone and verve and gaiety had been lost by the Seine, that Paris was still the shining luxury capital where one amused oneself amid a cultivated wit, a grace and dignity, unrivalled in any other clime. It wasn't true that Paris could hardly be got into a dinner-jacket; it wasn't true that the spirit had gone out of the place, that it had grown slovenly and shoddy, old, gnarled, and ingrowing; or that jewels, even on gala nights, were only paste; or that the women, the most elegant, could be mistaken at Chantilly for camera-seeking mannequins. All lies, lies — that Paris was dead, dear, and damned, brooding and misanthropic, dried up in inspiration, taking the entertainment leavings of other capitals . . . all fun and frolic flayed out of her . . . *pop!* see how we are alive; see how the champagne cascades. See also how we are wearing silk hats; and see these frocks—these ravishing creations — see them quickly, for they shall only be worn this once, so chic are we yet!

That, briefly and abruptly, is what the Club of Elegants sought to put over. They numbered, officially, 300, and operated socially under two chief organisations: The Fêtes of Paris and the "Seasons" of the same city. Of the two, *Les Saisons de Paris* indubitably emerged as the most active agency. "Tout-Paris" found itself all dressed-up and places to go to, according to the agenda of a committee, almost according to a roster. And one simply had to smile, and keep on smiling, no matter how indifferent the food or the crush or the weather or the entertainment or all four. *Sourire!* Nobody's to complain, least of all the Press, many of whose leading organs conducted the fêtes and artificially stimulated elegance outbursts.

Galas, charity fêtes and evening receptions, banquets and soirées fell thick one upon the other, and if the bulk of these fell out as becalmed as they were strained, through those present knowing they were only acting, if all were horribly *payantes*—a gala dinner easily mounting to £5 without wine—and if lovely woman drooped from fatigue or ennui or both, was it not all in the noblest of causes?

The Club of Elegants, the majority of whose lights would need little introduction to English readers, was as lavishly recruited from the Faubourg St. Germain as from *le monde où l'on s'amuse*, (or did) of stage, the law, literature, diplomacy, *le sport*, politics, big business, and the higher gradings of the Legion of Honour, and how one had to wear one's decorations. Round the club, as it tirelessly went into action (and not only in Paris), hopped the reporters and newsreel and cameramen, since of course publicity was the life's blood of the whole effort. *Show* them that Paris was still her sparkling self! Not even the most sheltered reception escaped the photographer; everything had to be routed out for the front page.

High lights were perhaps the Oriental Ball, the "Public Gardens" freak affair, and the Bal des Chef-d'Œuvres of the Comte de Beaumont. The second portrayed a glorified corner of the Tuileries or Bois, replete with a ticket collector and children's garden. The Beaumont evening was the old one of human masterpieces of painting and was voted the success of the year, together with the night racing at Longchamp and the Passion Play outside Notre Dame. Strange trinity. There was to have been a roaring affair for Brantome but when he finished down the course at Ascot that had to be called off. Naturally it was also a Normandie season. The light blue riband ran as a streak through fashion: Normandie this and Normandie that.

There were galas for everything that could be thought of, anything to get a crowd of the right people, the so-called *gratin*. One heard a lot of that word *gratin*. Everything had to be, if possible, *au gratin*. Thus, the Gala of Champagne was voted well *gratiné*; so was the all-important one of La Haute Couture; and the Navy put up a good gala, too; but the long-distance telephone affair was a flop owing to celebrities across the oceans turning rude at being rung up at an absurd hour.

A list of all the fêtes and galas would fill a column here. When one says that the bulk of them were strained affairs it is only the truth. Overcrowding, *passé* cabaret entertainment, hot champagne, faulty catering, and general lack of organisation (such as when 20,000 invitations were sent out for the Italian Art opening in a section capable of holding but 3,000) formed the theme song, to say nothing of the overhanging general feeling of fake. The cost, too, rankled with the Sons of Thrift. But, essentially and above all, Cosmopolis was not present—only a sad remnant of it—and French people, however *gratiné*, trying to make elegant whoopee alone are apt to be stiff-to-funereal.

Mention of the Orient reminds that it was an Indian season, with the sari in vogue. An Indian prince or two were almost the only fabulous foreigners in sight, if one except an ill-starred and and spending Georgian prince.

Lesser groupings came to the rescue under the styles of "Historical Concerts," whose notion was to stage pageantry of the past in Versailles setting, and of "On Dansera," the particular effort towards peppiness made by thirty young Parisiennes of the high world who might have qualified elsewhere as débutantes. Many were the eyes, in this connection, thrown across towards London; it was even freely said that you could no longer stage elegance in this world unless there existed a Court and royalty. One attempt to be royal led to disaster. The notion was an afternoon *sortie à la Pompadour;* coaches were to take the masquer aders out to meet Louis the Well-Loved at Vaucresson. But the Elegants on this occasion refused to face up to the crowd and took taxis.

Another bad show was the Brussels Horse Show whither the Elegants journeyed by train already dressed-up as for Longchamp. Not only did this lead to unfortunate jostling at the Gare du Nord, but at the Brussels banquet, "the cold was so intense that only furs could be worn, hiding the ravishing creations . . . It was too much when ice-cream was served. The guests, 300 strong, clamoured for the orchestra and stamped round and round until warmth returned. There were some who had not danced since *La Belle Époque*."

In passing, the Belle Epoque (1900) or Toulouse-Lautrec ball up at the Moulin de la Galette, which he made famous, was one of the only genuine successes of the whole summer's ballyhoo. All the Elegants were there—like sardines. Trust "Tout-Paris to generate a nostalgia for the past."

Another occasion when the club went on tour had Le Touquet as its rallying point. But there it poured: only the masculine Elegants could show themselves; and a disrespectful weekly saw fit to observe: "If 'Tout-Paris' is to go on tour for the edification of the provinces, then there should be more careful casting of principals. The same actors cannot fill all rôles. He who may excel at the Belgian Court reveals himself as insufficient on the links, while she who sheds lustre at the baccarat table may look singularly ill-chosen at a rustic pique-nique next day."

I am afraid the Club of Elegants came in for a good deal of this sort of writing. I should not care to say what its fate may be next year. Here, I have only been able to give a swift glance at its efforts, antics, and activities. For instance, throughout the Season there ran a continuous succession of elegance contests, elegance of the woman with dog, of the woman without dog, of small children, of horses, swimmers, motor cars. The arbiter of all this was, as usual, André de Fouquières who regrets that the social world has grown too mixed. He hates cocktails and deplores dress laziness, telling the story of an English couple that went "dressed" to a Paris theatre and found itself as out of place during the entr'acte as a pair of Eskimos.

Colette was another who had something to say on the effort to restore the capital's past brilliance. Hadn't it grown too noisy, one

(*Continued on p.* 300)

A NAVAL OCCASION: M. Lebrun and Madame Piétri, wife of the Minister of Marine, with other notabilities in the Presidential box (*right*) at the Opera House during the Naval Ball—one of the principal functions of the Paris season

World Events

TRAGEDY IN THE DESERT: A native sentry on guard beside the wreckage of the Italian air liner which crashed near Heliopolis, Egypt, when on its way from Italy to Eritrea, East Africa. Seven people on board were killed, including Signor Luigi Razza, the Italian Minister for Public Works, and Baron Raimondo Franchetti, who was a large landowner and was reputed to be the richest man in Italy

ALONG THE TRAIL OF DEATH: A house wrecked by the flood which swept across the Orba Valley last week following the bursting of the Genoa Electric Company's giant dam at Ovada, Piedmont. Bridges, railway lines, telegraph poles, and even whole villages were destroyed, and it is feared that as many as four hundred people may have lost their lives. The disaster was caused by an unprecedented series of storms, which had evidently swelled the river far above its normal height

WRECKED BY THE FURY OF THE FLOOD: The railway bridge at Molare, the superstructure of which was torn away as the wall of water descended on it from the shattered Ovada dam. A train had a narrow escape as only a few minutes before the disaster it had passed this way

ARCH ENEMY OF GERMAN JEWRY: Herr Julius Streicher Nazi leader of the district of Franconia and personal friend of Herr Hitler, giving the Nazi salute when he arrived in Berlin on August 15 to deliver a speech to 20,000 people who assembled in the Sport Palace. He made a violent attack on the Jews whom he called "the enemies of humanity"

LÈSE MAJESTÉ? Mr. Hiroshi Saito *(left)* Japanese Ambassador in Washington, and his colleague, Mr. K. Fujii, leaving the U.S. State Department after they had made a formal protest to the Government regarding the publication of an alleged offensive caricature of the Emperor Hirohito which appeared in a recent issue of a well-known American journal

A JAPANESE SURVEY

IN THE MILITARY TRIUMVIRATE: General Jotaro Watanabe, a member of the Supreme War Council, who has been appointed by General Hayashi, the War Minister, to succeed General Jinzaburo Mazaki as Inspector-General of Military Education, one of the three most important posts in the Japanese Army. Also in this picture is General Watanabe's daughter, Kazuko

NIPPON PREPARES: Air-raid drill for members of the civilian population, who other European capitals, has for some time now been a feature of Toky ercises are usually carried out in the city. This striking overhead view show principal shopping thoroughfare in the capital, when a mimic gas attac

THE WORLD'S LARGEST KITE? The villagers of Zama, near Tokyo, who from ancient times have been known as great kite builders, have recently constructed and successfully flown this giant specimen which is made of bamboo and paper, has a surface area of 770 square feet, weighs about a quarter of a ton, and requires at least 200 men to hold it steady when it is in the air. The kite, which is shown here in a damaged condition after being buffeted by the winds, is somewhat dangerous to fly except in a steady south wind, as if it is allowed to be carried into the air by a sudden gust, it will drop like a piece of lead the moment the gust has died down. The giant is held by a rope 1½ inches in diameter, and this is secured to a pine log

Above—BEFORE THE ALL CLEAR: Throwing down de-contaminating powder in a Tokyo square to neutralize the effects of the poison gas with which the city was presumed to have been deluged—a picture taken during the air-raid drill, which was held on July 6 and 7 in Yokohama, Tokyo and Kawasaki. *On right*—Geisha girls, who also took part in the drill, gathered in the hall of a primary school, where they received a lecture on how to act during a raid. Their white aprons constitute the official uniform of the Women's League of the Air Defence of the Japanese Empire

Air-Raid Drill in Tokyo, and Other Recent Happenings

has recently been tried out in Berlin, Paris and life and during the summer months elaborate ex- traffic and pedestrians held up in the Ginza, the was in progress at the beginning of last month

NOW AN AMBASSADOR OF COMMERCE: Mr. Katsuji Debuchi, who has held several important posts in the Japanese Diplomatic Service, photographed with his wife and daughter at his home before he left Tokyo last month for Australia, where he is now making a goodwill tour in an effort to improve Japan's trade relations with the Commonwealth

A ROYAL VISIT TO TOKYO CENTRAL MARKET: His Royal Highness Prince Nobuhito, a younger brother of the Japanese Emperor, seen with his wife during their tour of inspection. Standing on the right in the foreground, and evidently explaining some point of interest, is Mr. Y. Araki, the chief of the Industrial Section of the Ministry of Home Affairs

AN INTERCHANGE OF COURTESIES: Mr. and Mrs. America (*left*), the two dolls sent by Mayor La Guardia of New York as envoys of goodwill to Japan, which on arrival were dressed in Japanese clothes and then fêted by the populace. On the right an employee of the Matsuya Department Store in Tokyo is seen engaged in making Mr. and Mrs. Japan, the dolls which have since returned the visit and have met with an equally enthusiastic reception

THE BIG "SHOTS": A cameraman and his director at work in the British and Dominions Film Studios at Elstree

The All-Colour Picture

How it is likely to Follow the Example of Talkies and Completely Revolutionize Methods of Production in the Film Industry

By KAY CAMPBELL

THE future of the film industry to-day hangs upon a very thin and narrow strip of celluloid. A strip less than one-thousandth of an inch thick and only thirty-five millimetres in width.

This bit of celluloid is unreeling itself around the world before excited, admiring crowds who pack the theatres to overflowing in order to gaze upon the new marvel of the screen— a colour picture called simply, *Becky Sharp*.

In New York City, where it opened at the Music Hall, it played to 96,000 dollars' worth of business the first week. People thronged in long queues down and around the block in order to wait their turn for seats. It broke all records in its first week's run in Chicago. And it opened to unprecedented crowds in Baltimore.

For months Hollywood has been awaiting the verdict of the public, Mr. and Mrs. Box Office, on the Technicolour product. For months people have been saying "As *Becky Sharp* goes so will sway the industry." To-day it is safe to predict that a colour picture will be scheduled on the programme of every British and American producer for next year's release. For the past three months every major producing company in California has carefully and quietly been reassembling its forces to be prepared to turn out a colour production—at least *one* colour picture—if *Becky Sharp* turned out a box office success.

Practically every major studio in Hollywood has announced that it will have at least one colour picture on its tentative schedule. Within six months half the short subjects released will be in colour. And with the coming of colour to the silver screen it is inevitable that many changes will be made. The term "talking pictures" will become "talking paintings." You and I will see our favourite screen actresses and actors as they really are, as they actually appear in real life.

This, of course, will effect a change in make-up. No longer will we have grease-paint smeared on the lovely faces of our glamorous stars without regard to their natural colouring. No longer will there be any mystery about the colour of Garbo's eyes, of Dietrich's hair. We'll all know, for the camera records these things accurately with the new hypersensitized colour film running through the sprocket wheels. It is inevitable that new talent will be secured for both acting and designing. Players who gave themselves well to black and white pictures will not always be so adaptable to colour processes.

Set and dress designers who were unexcelled in planning costumes and backgrounds for stars portrayed in silver shadows will not do for the new colour films. The film industry throughout the world is about to start a world-wide talent raid for every phase of work connected with the industry. Cameramen will have to learn new angles. New lighting. Amber, blue, and green lights are now replacing the white lights on the sets.

There are some forty colour processes which have been developed for use on screen work, but the great failing of a number of these is that only one print may be developed, which has been likened to having a good idea for a story, but no means with which to write it.

Becky Sharp is the first full colour technicolour feature film ever produced. It is based on the three primary colours of the spectrum, capable of transmitting on to the screen all the colours visible to the human eye. The process is a complicated one, but a word or two about the actual workings of the technicolour process is necessary at this point.

Medical science tells us that the human eye receives colour impressions through three primary nerve centres, each of which transmits to the brain one primary colour impression. Red, yellow, and blue. All other colour impressions are made up of varying combinations of these three. If three black and white negatives of a scene are made, recording on one plate all of the red elements, on another all of the yellows, and on another all of the blues, we shall have a duplication of the selective action of the three sensory nerve centres of the eye. If we view these three superimposed, we shall duplicate the re-synthesizing brain action and shall arrive at the same result—an image in its natural colours.

Imagine yourself in the projection chamber while *Becky Sharp* is being shown—you would notice that a film of ordinary size and thickness is being used, but that each little picture bears the colours as you see them enlarged on the screen. It is not a case of using a black and white film and putting a filter or grating between the light and the film. No screen is employed. Ordinary white light is used as a source of illumination and this streams through the *coloured film* and so to the screen in the auditorium.

That is how things are done in *Becky Sharp*, a revised version of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*. Three separate films are used, exposed through a single lens at standard speed. These are three standard type films, hypersensitized in the Technicolour Laboratory in Hollywood. The three negatives are developed by machine to a rigidly fixed time. And prints are made by the so-called imbibition process, in warm water which brings out the shadows, by causing them to expand and the matrix is then dyed the complementary colour of its negative.

No one missed electricity until it replaced gas and oil for lighting. No one missed dialogue on the silent screen until it came to life. In just such a way, no one missed colour until it came to the screen as spring to the earth. Now, with the coming of *Becky Sharp* and the miracle of good colour films, there is little doubt that it has come to stay, and that gradually it will replace the old black-and-white pictures until a majority of the features will be made in colour.

Shorts have been made in colour for some time, *La Cucaracha* having played to more repeat bookings throughout the world than any other short subject ever produced, with the exception of *The Three Little Pigs*, which was also a technicolour film. Whether the same will be true of the first feature picture or not remains to be seen, but the concensus of opinion of the larger producers seems to be that colour films have come to stay—that in a very short time indeed the screens throughout the world will become canvases of a series of moving paintings of a beauty and breathlessness never before seen in motion-picture history.

It is hard to predict how much colour will add to the cost of making pictures. Some estimate that it will add about one-fifth to the cost of what a black and white film would be. *Becky Sharp* was no true criterion by which to judge, for a jinx seemed to follow the picture throughout its making. First there occurred the unfortunate death of Lowell Sherman, the director, Rouben Mammoulian replaced Sherman and nearly the first half of the picture was re-shot in accordance with the ideas of the new director. On the heels of this tragedy, Miriam Hopkins, the star, contracted bronchial pneumonia, necessitating another hold-up for the film. Then, Mammoulian and Frances Dee, who plays one of the leading rôles, fell ill with influenza. Finally, after many minor accidents having been compensated for, the film was being previewed in the studio projection room. Suddenly, there was a blinding flash, and one whole reel of freshly cut technicolour film flared up in expensive smoke!

Five men are responsible for this new colour picture. They are John Hay Whitney, president of Pioneer Pictures, under whose banner the film was made; Merian C. Cooper, the producer of *Chang*, outstanding jungle picture of all time; Kenneth MacGowan, producer of *Becky Sharp*; Rouben Mammoulian, director of the picture; and Robert Edmond Jones, colour designer on the set.

Before the first foot of film started through the camera Jones outlined every single scene, every single grouping on paper, in colour. Great care was also used in choosing the coloured lights to be played upon the sets. For example, frequently an orange light played upon a red costume would change the colour of the costume so that it would photograph entirely different from its original shade. It was also found that coloured lights reacted differently upon varied materials. For that reason, to make the film colouristically perfect, test shots had to be made, not only of the materials themselves, but of their reactions under different lighting conditions.

THE NEW MEDIUM: Amelia Sedley (Frances Dee) and her soldier husband (G. P. Huntley, Jnr.) in the first all-colour film, *Becky Sharp*, which was enthusiastically received when it was presented recently at the New Gallery Cinema. The picture revealed a number of small, technical imperfections which no doubt will soon be remedied, but on the whole it was excellent and the colourful crowd scenes with groups of officers in their brilliant uniforms attracted particular attention

There are many new things to learn about shooting colour pictures. Like talking pictures, many mistakes will inevitably be made at the beginning. But, just as talking pictures revolutionized the film industry, it seems safe to predict, so will colour follow in its footsteps. That it will never entirely supplant black-and-white pictures is the claim of some producers, but will carve a niche of its own alongside the black-and-whites. But one thing seems certain from the box office reports which are reaching the long ears of Hollywood and London, and that is that there will be more colour pictures made. And with the increased number of colour pictures, we'll find numerous changes in the film industry, some of which are impossible to foresee at this writing.

Italian Troops Pour Into Massawa

ACTIVITY AT SUEZ: An Italian vessel going down the canal en route to Massawa with further detachments of troops to swell the ranks of Italy's ever-growing army in East Africa, which is now said to number over a quarter of a million soldiers and tens of thousands of artisans who are engaged in building roads and bridges. The past few weeks have been particularly busy at Port Said, and the passage of the troopships has brought extraordinary prosperity to the city, for, apart from the Canal Company which charges 7s. 6d. per ton for every steamer, the local stores are doing an unparalleled trade

A HIVE OF INDUSTRY: Men engaged in unloading stores at Massawa, the chief port of Italian Eritrea, which has been so crowded with shipping during the past few months that the port authorities have been hard put to it to cope with the situation. On some days as much as three thousand six hundred tons of material have been landed, and there have often been periods of great congestion. The population of Massawa itself has grown enormously

BOUND FOR EAST AFRICAN SERVICE: Some of the 2,000 troops of the Gavinani division who left Naples recently in the liner *Colombo*. Before their departure they were inspected by Prince Umberto, heir to the Italian throne

NEWS FROM THE ETHIOPIAN CAPITAL: The Emp Her Hus

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE: The Empress Menen, wife of the Emperor Haile Selassie, walking down the carpeted steps of the Imperial Palace at Addis Ababa before receiving some of the many supplicants who come to her every day from all parts of the country. This is only one of the duties the Empress has taken over of recent months in order to relieve h cares of State, and she is also spending a great deal of her time in or into efficient first-aid squads which, if the occasion arises, will accompa

VISITING THE SHRINE OF THE LIBERATOR: Pilgrims walking up the steps to the tomb of the Emperor Menelik II (born 1844, died 1913) who by decisively defeating the Italians at the battle of Adowa was not only able to tear up the treaty of Uccialli which gave Italy a protectorate over Ethiopia but was left free to develop his country in peace. Note in this picture the extensive use of corrugated iron, a much favoured form of building material in Abyssinia

THE EMPEROR INSPE ground outside Addi the capital itself

press Menen Assists sband in His Work

her husband of the smaller organising Abyssinian women many the armies in the field

RECEIVING A PETITIONER: The Empress seated in state at the foot of the palace steps where, on behalf of her husband, she grants interviews daily to any of her subjects who wish to speak with her

SPECTS HIS FORCES: His Majesty Haile Selassie arriving on horseback for a review on the parade Addis Ababa. The bulk of the army consists of untrained warriors commanded by District Rulers, but in elf there is a small body of modernly equipped men who have been instructed by Belgian officers

THE ETHIOPIAN MINISTER OF EDUCATION: Belaten Gúeta Sahle Sedalou wearing the customary court dress which includes a bowler hat, a richly embroidered cape, and the inevitable patent leather shoes

TWO RARE AND INTERESTING INMATES OF THE LONDON ZOO: *Left*—The shoebill which has just arrived from the Sudan. This ungainly looking bird with its gaunt, grey figure, its large head surmounted by a little curled tuft, and its huge bill tipped with a formidable hook, was at one time thought to be an abnormal type of pelican but has now been definitely established as a member of the heron family. Its usual habitat is the swamps near the White Nile. *Right*—The campanero, a Brazilian bird not much larger than a thrush, whose peculiar cry resembles the clang of a hammer on an anvil and is always heard at its loudest in hot weather. Of recent weeks visitors to the aviary at Regent's Park must have imagined themselves in a blacksmith's forge so deafening has been the campanero's clamour, but when winter comes the bird will lapse into silence, probably much to the relief of the keepers. Note the bare patch on the throat

HEALING RAYS

How Professor Roentgen's Great Discovery Has Not Only Simplified the Work of Medical Diagnosis but Has Proved Its Worth in Dealing with the Most Dreaded of All Diseases, Cancer

By CHARLES GRAVES

UNLIKE most people, I have always had pleasant memories of X-rays, or rather Roentgen rays. Twenty-eight years ago, at the tender age of seven, I broke my arm and was duly taken off to have it X-rayed. My mother, knowing little or nothing about what was in store for me, promised me half-a-crown if I did not cry. She imagined the pain would be acute. Naturally I felt nothing, and that was the easiest half-crown that ever came my way.

As a matter of fact, the maternal lack of knowledge on the subject was quite excusable. It was only twelve years earlier in November, 1895, that Professor Roentgen was able to announce a detailed discovery of X-rays. He was a German physicist, and had been experimenting with vacuum tubes of higher and higher vacua. Neon signs are semi-exhausted tubes, but Sir William Crookes had exhausted them further. He had created a sensation by his announcement of his discovery of the "fourth state of matter," the others being solids, liquids, and gases. By his method of exhaustion the vacuum became so acute that gases did not expand. There is no doubt that this great man got X-rays but did not know it. They say that he sent a number of plates back to the photographic shop where he bought them because finger marks showed on them, and he thought they were faulty!

There is no question that it was possible to get X-rays, even with Sir William Crooke's tubes. The late Mr. Campbell Swinton managed to get an X-ray photograph with an ordinary Crooke's tube only a month after Roentgen. This was in December, 1895. But none of the earlier pioneers had any idea what it would mean to medicine. No huge discovery is ever appreciated at first. When Faraday first joined two ends of an electro-magnet together and secured a spark he did not realise what electricity would mean. For him it was purely a laboratory experiment.

One of the first photographs taken in England was of a piece of perforated zinc wrapped up in black paper. It took twenty minutes to secure. To-day you can stand an 18-st. man 6 ft. away from the X-ray tube and you can take the photograph in one-twentieth of a second.

Of course it was realised very soon that X-ray would be good for diagnosis, but no one guessed that within thirty years modern hospitals would have radio-logical departments costing thousands of pounds. At the same time medical men were very soon on the job. X-ray plants costing £50 were being made for hospitals before 1896 was out. A plant recently installed in a large London hospital cost nearly twenty times that amount.

The rays were terribly unguarded, however, and there are very few alive of the original pioneers. The list includes such eminent names as Dr. Hall-Edwards of Birmingham, Dr. Hope-Fowler of Edinburgh, and Dr. Lyster of Middlesex Hospital, who have all fallen victims to their enthusiasms. There are other unfortunates still alive in hospitals with no hands or arms. The destructive element of the X-rays carried to excess produces a skin effect very similar to undue exposure to the sun's rays multiplied to literally the power of *n*. It results in a variety of cancerous growths. Fortunately, this danger is now a thing of the past.

To-day, as during the past quarter of a century, the advance in knowledge and efficiency in the making of X-ray plants has become positively embarrassing to the manufacturers themselves. New devices are being discovered every day. It will be a good thing for all concerned when the advancing knowledge steadies down.

Probably the first celebrity in England to interest himself in X-rays outside the actual medical profession was the late Marquess of Salisbury. He bought an X-ray plant in the early days, and took a photograph of his own hand, which is still in existence, I fancy, at Hatfield House. It is said that he also photographed King Edward's hand.

The chief advance in X-ray apparatus has been the increasing power of the current. Originally a tiny spark coil was used. A spark about two inches long was actuated by a bichromate battery. A modern X-ray plant includes a transformer of anything up to twenty kilowatt power or more. In the old days you could put an entire X-ray plant on your desk. To-day there is scarcely room for it in a big room.

The importance of X-ray in modern medicine scarcely needs pointing out. All specific diseases can be diagnosed more easily; the early stages of T.B. can be detected at once; it is used in all stomach troubles—for example, duodenal ulcer (you make a man swallow a drink with a lot of barium in it and see where it goes); it is invaluable for all kinds of fractures previously diagnosed merely by (painful) touch; it is most useful for heart trouble; it shows the exact size of the heart.

Apparently the only thing that X-ray cannot yet detect is the hardened wall of an artery, but things are moving so fast that we do not know what will happen next month.

X-rays of higher tension and greater penetrating value are invaluable for deep treatment. It is possible for X-rays to-day to penetrate through 4 ins. of hard steel. This makes them most useful for examining the castings of submarines and aeroplanes and other vital pieces of machinery, though X-rays of this strength are too expensive to use for the castings of an ordinary motor car.

Most people think of X-rays in terms of diagnosis. They forget their curative value. Twenty years ago if you walked along outside the London Hospital you would see dozens of women in veils which barely hid unsightly white blotches on their faces. They were suffering from lupus. This hateful affliction (tubercular in character) has been almost entirely exterminated. Ringworm is another complaint which has been almost entirely killed by X-ray.

The chief use medicinally for X-ray is, however, in regard to cancer. There is no question that X-rays alleviate this disease, and there are said to be cases where actual cures have been obtained. One school believes in operating first and then treating the wound with X-rays for stray germs which may have escaped. The other school does not use the knife at all.

Every year about a quarter of a million pounds worth of X-ray plant is manufactured in this country, and a similar amount is imported chiefly from Germany and America. The Germans have this advantage: that they have patented certain types of tubes. Nevertheless, there is no reason why English doctors should so continuously recommend foreign X-ray plants to the hospitals with which they are associated. Doctors are, however, inclined to put themselves on a holy pedestal, and the lay committee dare not argue with them.

It has been estimated for me that every day something like 18,000 X-ray photographs are taken throughout the country. No doubt the time will come when every private practitioner will be considered behind the times if he does not possess a low-power X-ray plant.

The trouble is that X-ray plant is most expensive to manufacture. The main cost is primarily the wear and tear of the apparatus. A plant costing £1,000 may become obsolete in five or six years, and a tube costing £120 may have to be renewed in a few months. These tubes need highly skilled labour. There is a percentage of risk in the making of them, and after all the work is done a fracture may occur and all be rendered useless.

The film itself is costly. Those that are 17 ins. by 14 ins. (the correct size for photographing a man's chest) cost 60s. a dozen. Then there is the developing to be done. In addition there is the training of the radiologist—a matter of many years. There is also the assistant radiographer. So that the 5 guineas which is the usual specialist's fee does not leave much margin of profit for him.

But what are X-rays? I know I had to come to that sooner or later. Well, the answer is a lengthy one. If a glass bulb be fitted with two platinum discs, and if the discs are connected with the terminals of a powerful induction coil, an interesting series of phenomena is displayed as the air in the bulb is gradually removed by an air pump. First comes a series of sparks, followed by miniature lightning; then as the exhaustion proceeds, these sparks spread out a luminous brush-like discharge. Then a dark space appears containing lines of faintly luminous matter. These proceed from one disc and fall upon the other, producing disturbances travelling outwards in all directions. It is the disturbances which are known as Roentgen or X-rays.

In conclusion, the latest development of X-rays is the examination of a patient on the fluorescent screen followed immediately by a radiograph as soon as an abnormal condition, which though entirely temporary may be of great significance, is observed. This development alone has saved many lives in the past few months.

"ORION'S" MAIDEN VOYAGE

Views of the New Liner and Other Matters of Maritime Interest

THE ORIENT STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S NEW LUXURY LINER FOR THE ENGLAND-AUSTRALIA SERVICE: The 23,000-ton *Orion* which was built by Messrs. Vickers-Armstrongs, Ltd., at Barrow, launched by wireless by the Duke of Gloucester from Brisbane in December, 1934, and started out on her maiden voyage on Wednesday of last week. She contains many modern improvements, and her single mast and single funnel are a striking departure in a vessel of her size. She is painted corn-colour

A "MAURETANIA" MUSEUM: The dome of one of the 1st class saloons which, together with other fittings, was bought by a Mr. Martin, of Guernsey, at the auction sale held on board the famous Cunarder before she went to Rosyth to be broken up. These relics are being assembled at Southampton and will shortly be placed on view to the public

THE TEMPLE OF HEALTH: A view of the wide games deck on the Orient liner, *Orion*, showing how the lifeboats are arranged on special davits, thus not only allowing increased room for sports but providing passengers with uninterrupted views out to sea. Her single funnel also saves a considerable amount of space

THE LARGEST SHIP LAUNCHED THIS YEAR: The 25,000-ton Union Castle mail, passenger, and cargo motor vessel, *Stirling Castle*, in charge of tugs after she had left the slipway at Messrs. Harland and Wolff's Belfast Yard last week

THE STORE AFLOAT: The strikingly designed entrance to the shop and hairdressing establishment on *Orion*, where practically everything that passengers could possibly require on a voyage is kept in stock. The attractive inlaid decoration of shells and seaweed in the centre of the floor is the work of Giraldus Richards, one of the many artists who have assisted in the adornment of the liner

TO PLY BETWEEN LONDON AND LIVERPOOL: The *Ocean Coast*, which is intended to be the fastest and most luxurious British coastal motor-liner ever constructed, seen after she had been launched from the yard of Messrs. Henry Robb, Ltd., of Leith. She belongs to an absolutely new type of large, shallow-draught vessel which has the virtue of being particularly economical in running

HIGHLAND GAMES

At Dornoch and Rothesay

PUTTING THE WEIGHT

Two studies of Anderson, one of the leading competitors, giving exhibitions of his prowess at last week's gathering at Dornoch, Sutherlandshire

TOSSING THE CABER

NOTABILITIES AT A NORTH BUTE GATHERING: *Left*—Lady Margaret MacRae, wife of Major Sir Colin MacRae of Feoirlinn, presenting prizes at the Rothesay Games. She is the only daughter of the third Marquess of Bute, and is a Justice of the Peace for Buteshire. *Right*—Major Sir Colin MacRae of Feoirlinn, the Chieftain, and the Earl of Dumfries, the Marquess of Bute's heir, chatting together in the enclosure

NOISE IN CITY STREETS

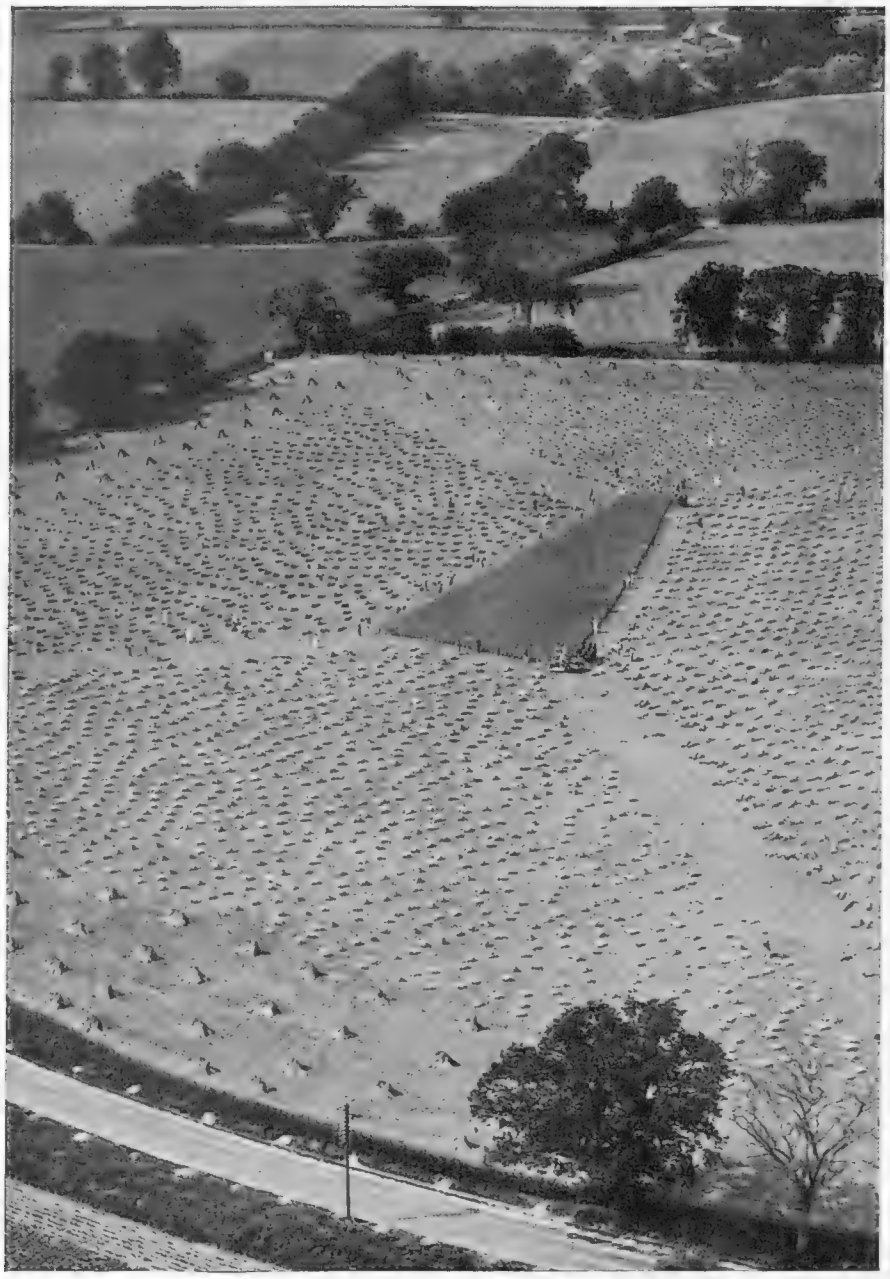
Some Aspects of a Problem which is Engaging the Attention of Scientists and Engineers in All Parts of the World

THE GREATEST MENACE OF THEM ALL: Motor horns, petrol engines, and factory hooters, combine to produce an unwelcome volume of sound in our city streets, but the biggest offender is the pneumatic road drill—the noisiest of all inventions in this machine age. It has four noise elements: first the engine and compressor, then the blow of the "anvil" on the chisel head, then the impact of the chisel with the road surface, and finally the exhaust. An attempt, we understand, has been made to produce a more silent type, but the reduction of efficiency was found to be so large that the drill would not be worth while manufacturing

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION: The Bank of England has shown its recognition of its duty towards its neighbours by prohibiting the use of automatic riveters in the erection of its new building which, as this picture shows, is now making rapid progress towards completion. This is only one of several praiseworthy attempts that have lately been made to reduce public noises, and it is clear that this country is now fully conscious of the seriousness of the problem

AN EXPERT SEEKS ADVICE: Major Henry Curran, who has been appointed by the Mayor of New York to the newly-created post of "Noise Abatement Commissioner," has recently arrived in London, where he is hoping to pick up a few tips which will help him in the conduct of his forthcoming campaign to curb the nerve-racking din that is such an unfortunate feature of present-day New York life. The Major is seen in this picture watching a policeman at work on point duty in Whitehall

Nature in Varying Mood



WHEN THE LAST FIELD IS REAPED: A scene at the end of the harvest on a Suffolk farm as the farmer and his friends waited with their guns round the remaining patch of standing corn ready to shoot the rabbits that had taken refuge there. The farm dogs probably enjoyed a little coursing as well

IN PICTURESQUE SUSSEX: A logging team at work in a lane at Vinehall, near Battle, where some hundreds of acres are now being cleared under the Government re-afforestation scheme. During the past year 154,000 trees have been planted in this county alone, and the total number in the Home Counties amounts to no fewer than 3,739,000

On left—
STORM ON THE SOUTH COAST: A dramatic picture revealing in all their awe-inspiring beauty the intricate patterns made by forked lightning. This exposure lasted for a period of four seconds, during which four major flashes occurred

The Purple and Gold of Late Summer

A Suffolk Idyl

Meandering through flowery meadows, this stream with its banks of yellow ragwort and purple valerian was specially photographed for "The Sphere" by Douglas Went. Owing to the great heat the wild flowers have come on apace and are already seeding themselves. Fields and roadsides are showing a profusion of grasses, their feathered heads lending a special beauty to the scene

The World of Books

John Buchan's Latest Ruritanian Adventure Story: M. J. Farrell Proves Herself a Novelist with a Future

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

In the State of Evallonia all things may not be permissible, but most are possible, and the one thing that is demanded of the readers of Mr. John Buchan's latest Ruritanian adventure story is that they should know all about their "old friends," Mr. Dickson McCunn and young Jaikie Galt.

Some readers, unversed in Buchaniania, may be (a) befogged or (b) annoyed since they cannot number Messrs. McCunn and Galt among their old friends, and will therefore be in the dark concerning their previous exploits. The answer is that THE HOUSE OF THE FOUR WINDS (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) is a good enough adventure story without bothering about such details, and that whatever fault can be found with it is just on that score, i.e. that there are constant references to what has gone before.

It was by the merest chance that McCunn found himself in the role of an Archduke, when all the training he had ever had for the job had come his way as a Scottish grocer, and that Jaikie should have become embroiled with the affairs of Evallonia through casual acquaintances in other books, and that we should begin by finding ourselves at Kremisch, talking to a man sitting on an elephant.

But we do not discuss chance or coincidence with the author of *The Thirty-nine Steps*; rather do we know that as long as the story marches the wrong thing will happen at the right time, but that the villainies of Mastrovin will not succeed in the end. Of course, there is nothing new under the Ruritanian sun, and we must realise that without such props neither that kingdom, nor its neighbouring Evallonia, could be created for our entertainment. So let us appraise the book at its true valuation; the test of such entertainment is that it should entertain, and so it does, for I never missed a page.

If story-telling is the Governor-General of Canada's strongest point it is by no means the art by which the author of LUCY GAYHEART (Cassell. 7s. 6d.) has captured the respect of a discriminating public. For Miss Willa Cather is never strong in her content; her novels have invariably a motive more *spirituelle* than material. I mean that it is not easy to say directly what they are about, any more than it is possible, in so many words, to say what the Fifth Symphony is about.

There is a quality of enchantment about Miss Cather's work. To have read a book of hers is to have had a personal experience, which is more or less intense because it is never startling nor realistic in the stark, modern manner. Here is a writer to whom the perfection of technique is simplicity, and who can move her readers most deeply by an economy of what others regard as necessary effects.

Lucy Gayheart was a girl who left Haverford to study music in Chicago, where she met a great singer, Clement Sebastian, became his accompanist at his practices, and fell deeply in love with him. Sebastian was an older man, and for him Lucy was a beautiful happening just at a time when he thought that nothing like that would ever happen to him again. There was no "affair"; rather a very lovely friendship, and when Sebastian has to return to Europe what he said was *Ein schöner Stern ging auf in meiner Nacht*.

On holiday in Italy he was drowned, and Lucy's life, from that moment, was completely changed. Back in Haverford, where once she had been full of gaiety and vivacity, she became but the shadow of her former self, and it seemed almost as if she eventually willed herself to a death in circumstances closely akin to Sebastian's. And the only thing that remained of Lucy Gayheart, in the Haverford which is so delicately etched into the background of her story, were the three light footprints she made, as a child, on the wet concrete of the side-walk, running away.

Yet no such outline can convey the spiritual unity of Miss Cather's tale, nor its clarity, nor the sureness with which she captures atmosphere in a score of quiet corners of the little town of Haverford. If it needs classification, it can be put beside *My Antonia* and *The Lonely Lady*, both of which are established classics.

FULL HOUSE, by M. J. Farrell (Collins. 7s. 6d.), has nothing to do with the game of poker, though, as a novel, it ranks as high as such a hand at that game. For Miss Farrell has a sense of character, and, to a remarkable degree, a gift for portraying it.

THE LAST OF THE VICTORIAN ROMANTICS: Mr. Rudyard Kipling chatting with some of the Canadian secondary schoolboys who have been making a six-weeks' tour of Great Britain under a scheme of the Overseas Education Committee. The veteran novelist, who celebrates his seventieth birthday next December, has been much in the news of late, and it is announced that a number of his books, which have hitherto been neglected by film producers, are being adapted for the screen. In America Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are to make *Kim* and *Captains Courageous*, and Paramount are engaged on *The Light that Failed*, while in England Gaumont-British have selected *Soldiers Three*, and London Films, *Toomai of the Elephants*. Surely no other author can lay claim to such a record

Most of the people in her novel are very well-off, not particularly talented, live in a really beautiful house on a lovely stretch of the Irish coast, are all good-looking and charming in their Anglo-Irish way, and, although they belong to the same family and its dependants, each views its problems and affairs through his own well-developed ego. The story concerns their reactions upon each other, during which no grand passions are aroused, except in the case of Sheena, who, although in love, must not marry because of hereditary madness.

Although none of the people is concerned with the larger issues of life, Miss Farrell contrives to make their story interesting by making credible—and true to type—every one of them. By their very naturalness they provide the author's comment upon all they are and all they stand for.

It is, as Mr. Norman Douglas once pointed out, by the skilled application of the novelist's touch that we recognise human realites in literature, and although its achievement must appear to the prototypes as caricature the result is most often the best comment in criticism. Miss Farrell has cleverly contrived to allow her types to portray themselves as they are, and she needs no novelist's asides to state her opinion of them and their life.

Such a method argues a gift above the ordinary on the part of its practitioner. The author of *Full House* has an assured literary future if she can preserve that gift in her observations of life in the future.

Mr. Denis Mackail, on the other hand, is an old hand at social gatherings (does not his Flower Show linger delightfully in our memory?) so it is pleasant to find ourselves back in his company, behind the scenes at the wedding, at St. Timothy's, Winstanley Gardens, of Mr. P. E. Troutbeck and Miss A. C. Pilgrim.

The book itself ingeniously discards the usual preliminaries and title page, beginning with a formal "forthcoming marriages" announcement, and continuing with some charming illustrations in which trousseaux, bridesmaids, pages, best man, parson, and all the other supers are portrayed, and ending with the formal description of the ceremony and reception and list of guests, among whom we notice Mrs. but not Mr. Denis Mackail.

THE WEDDING (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) is, as you may have guessed, a one-day novel, and very quickly we are plunged into the countryside just west of Harrods and into the dressing-room of Mr. George Pilgrim, bank and company director, to be followed by a visit to Mrs. P. "with a sofa cushion behind one of her pillows and a dressing jacket over her rather plump shoulders." Follows our introduction to the Pilgrim young, frank, and realistic about all that is about to happen, and then the bride, wondering what it felt like to be Mrs. Peter Troutbeck.

And so on, with Grannie and Aunt Muriel and Uncle Peter, not to mention Lady T. and *her* lot.

Mr. Mackail insists that after publication of *The Flower Show* a literary gent wrote comparing him with Tchekov. I see what he means, and so does Mr. Mackail, for it is with that sense of inevitability that he chooses to portray a function at which all properly constituted females notoriously weep. He has, moreover, as acute a sense of the macabre as Edgar Allen Poe, while his perception of blood urges is only equalled by D. H. Lawrence; his style being definitely early Joycean.

In other words Mr. Mackail owes nothing except to his own genius for creating the kind of atmosphere with the kind of people unknown to the before-mentioned masters, but people whom we all know well enough to share their squabbles, laughter and tears, and say afterwards that we wouldn't have missed that wedding for anything.

Human nature being what it is, readers seldom preface their reading by reading prefaces. In the case of Mr. Neil Bell's MIXED PICKLES (Collins. 7s. 6d.) such persons will be at a disadvantage, for it is not only the key to the collection of stories, but an entertaining story in itself.

In this introduction the author explains, in the most disarming way, which of the stories were accepted for magazine publication, and what the editors said, in addition to the usual regrets, in the cases where they were returned.

"I have enough short stories by me," concludes Mr. Bell cheerfully, "to make another volume, and enough reminiscences of editors, publishers, agents, critics, and fellow-writers to make a really indiscreet preface."

The variety of this collection is perhaps its most remarkable feature. "The Facts About Benjamin Crede," which is a story of the supernatural, is, I think, the pick of them. Others I found too slight, and one or two a little more fantastic than credible. But it is an interesting collection, even in its unevenness, and will certainly provide an hour or two of enjoyable reading.

APOLOGY

In the issue of the *National Graphic* (now incorporated with THE SPHERE) of June 30, 1932 at pages 480 and 481 there was published an article by Francis Rodney on British Shipping which was illustrated by a number of photographs.

Mr. Oo. Kyaw, of 65, Christian Street, Commercial Road, E.1, informs us that one of these photographs was a photograph of himself and his child, and that its publication was entirely unauthorized by him.

Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., desire to explain that the photograph referred to was received by the *National Graphic* from a photographic agency in the usual way and was published without any knowledge that it was a photograph of Mr. Kyaw and his child. They wish to make it clear that both the photograph and the letterpress were published without any intention of referring to Mr. Kyaw, his wife, or family, or casting any reflection upon them of any kind.

They express their apologies to Mr. Kyaw and his wife for the publication and much regret any annoyance or inconvenience which they may have suffered in consequence.

A BOOK LIST

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—PIRATES OF VENUS. By Edgar Rice Burroughs. 7s. 6d. HALF MILE DOWN. By William Beebe. Illustrated. 18s. LITTLE WHEELS: A Record Trip Across Australia in a Baby Austin. By Hector MacQuarrie. Illustrated. 5s. ARTHUR BARKER.—SPRING IN TARTARUS. By Michael Harrison. 7s. 6d. STANLEY PAUL.—MEN ARE KIND. By D. H. Landels. 7s. 6d. THE WEDDING GUEST. By Mary Julian. 7s. 6d. GRAYSON & GRAYSON.—WEEK IN EDEN. By D. M. Locke. 7s. 6d. GERVASE ELWES. By Winefride Elwes and Richard Elwes. Illustrated. 15s. BORISWOOD.—I LIE ALONE. By R. G. Goodyear. 7s. 6d. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.—LOWE'S LAWN TENNIS ANNUAL AND COMPENDIUM FOR 1935. Edited by Sir F. Gordon Lowe, Bt. 5s. Cheap edition 2s. 6d. THORNE'S COMPLETE CONTRACT BRIDGE. By Harold Thorne. 3s. 6d. H. F. & G. WITHERBY.—CLEARWATER TROUT FISHING WITH WORM. By Sidney Spencer. Illustrated. 5s. SELWYN & BLOUNT.—I SAW FOR MYSELF. By John Brown. Illustrations. 10s. 6d. ALEXANDER MACLEHOSE.—VILLAGE ENGLAND. By Sir William Beach Thomas. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. SIR ISAAC PITMAN & SONS, LTD.—THE BOOK OF THE AUSTIN. By Burgess Garbutt. Revised by John Speedwell. Fourth edition. 3s. 6d. PHILIP ALLAN.—DEERSTALKING. By Patrick R. Chalmers. 5s. GLIDING AND SOARING. By C. H. Latimer Needham. 5s. GOLLANCZ.—DEATH OF A BEAUTY QUEEN. By E. R. Punshon. 7s. 6d. GOD'S IN HIS HEAVEN. By J. L. Hodson. 7s. 6d. SHADOWS ON THE HILLS. By Nancy Price. With a Preface by Lord Dunsany. 10s. 6d. THE DONKEY OF GOD. By Louis Untermeyer. Illustrated by James Macdonald. 10s. 6d. THE WORLD OF NATURE. By H. C. Knapp-Fisher. Introduction by E. W. MacBride. Illustrations by Joan Harrison. 6s.

CONTEMPORARY ART

Portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Kent at the Canadian National Exhibition

MISS VIVIEN LEIGH, BY D. EDZARD

A portrait at the Summer Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries of the clever young actress who sprang into prominence this year by her performance in *The Mask of Virtue*, which is still running at the Ambassadors

MRS. LIDDELL HART, BY HARRINGTON MANN

A distinguished society portrait painter's striking new study of the wife of Captain Basil Liddell Hart, the military critic, historian, and journalist, whose life of Lawrence of Arabia was one of the events of the 1934 publishing season. Their marriage took place in 1918

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT, BY PHILIP DE LASZLO

These companion pictures were recently sent to Canada, and are now being displayed in the Palace of Art at the Fifty-seventh Canadian National Exhibition which is being held in Toronto from August 23 to September 7. The sketch of the Duchess was made in Paris by Mr. de Laszlo last October when he was also engaged on a more elaborate portrait of Her Royal Highness while that of the Duke was completed only a few weeks ago

Changes in Saint Séverin

A Glimpse of a Picturesque Quarter of Paris, Once the Playground of the Poet Villon, which is being Rebuilt in the Interests of Progress and Sanitation

I wish I were a poet, for the Saint Séverin quarter of Paris needs a poet to sing its romance and villainy, its sombreness and gaiety, its beauty and sordidness. No infamy, no vice, no deed without a name but has not been accomplished a thousand thousand times within the half-square-mile which lies between the Boulevard Saint Michel, the Quay de Montebello, the rue des Bernadins, and the Boulevard Saint Germain; and amidst the "night, death, age, care, crime, and sorrow" which have been its lot for 800 years saints have lived humbly and splendidly, so that Mother Church tells us that they sit for all eternity at the right hand of God . . . And now it is being demolished.

THE RUE DES ANGLAIS: A narrow, thirteenth-century street typical of the Saint Séverin quarter. In the days of the French Revolution there was a notorious cabaret there

Saint Séverin's quarter is right outside the guide books, most of which dismiss it with a paragraph recording that Dante wrote part of the *Divine Comedy* in the rue de Bièvre. My eyes, my reason, and my nose rejoice that this warren of dark, insanitary, crumbling houses, staggering drunkenly together in narrow, tortuous streets, ill-famed alleys, and crooked courtyards, is to go; but my feeling for history, for *picaresque anecdore*, for villainies, distant and recondite enough to have become legends, delightful and undisturbing, grieves within me. A corner, the like of which exists nowhere else in Europe, is, even as I write, falling to the pick-axe of progress and sanitation; hurry, for you have but a year or so left in which to experience its nostalgic charm and curious repulsion.

About 1222, the University of Paris, then established around the Cathedral of Notre Dame, decided to move to the other side of the Seine to a site then covered with vineyards. From the first the aspect of the new quarters was at once sinister and gay, says its delightful historian Huysmans. Cheerful taverns and enticing cookshops for students fronted thieves' kitchens and beggars' hovels. Proctors and "bulldogs" did not exist apparently and the women of the town soon set up house near the students' hostelries. Houses with storeys projecting ever farther out, like the half-open drawers of chests for sale in junk shops, turned mid-day into dusk. Below, buttresses, slapped down here and there, supported the dropsical tilt of façades which turned streets into covered galleries; into these opened heavy front doors encrusted with grills, herses, and judases. Crossing their thresholds, one entered, and still enters, long passages, vaulted like furnaces, cut here and there by spiral staircases.

In the last hundred years many changes have occurred; streets have here and there been widened and new blocks built, but a returned medieval visitor could still find his way about without much difficulty. He would note that several streets which he once knew as running their twisted paths for goodish distances had unaccountably dwindled to a few houses, while the rue du Chat Qui Pêche, so narrow as to appear an exaggerated crack between two walls, now has not a single door opening on to it. He would find most changes as long as he kept to the streets; in the course of the years, succeeding shopkeepers have patched, repaired, and rebuilt until new houses with less predatory storeys let through a little more daylight and gave new aspects to many streets; but the odours reaching the outer air from the numerous narrow passages exiting from these houses would mean much to his medieval nose, and once within he would find scarcely anything unfamiliar. He would still light himself with candles, wash with water drawn from a well in the court, bang his head on the rotting rafters, fresh and strong when the centuries were younger.

OPENED UP BY DEMOLITION: A view of the rue Galande showing how a space in the foreground has been cleared in order to allow of the street being doubled in width

PROTECTION AGAINST THIEVES: A heavy grill covering a ground-floor window looking out on to a dark alleyway

Although the university students have migrated to the neighbouring Latin quarter, Saint Séverin is still largely populated with queans, beggars, and others known to the police. All the begged or stolen money of Paris is spent here, observes Huysmans grimly, and in the local thieves' argot, "He's found work" means that your missing friend has found it—in prison.

The rue Galande, built in 1222 to house students, preserves to-day the genuine air of a medieval street, especially in the indescribable warrens to which you gain access by turning into any of its low musty passages. Number 29 has a quaint old thirteenth-century gable. Over the door of No. 42, a thirteenth-century house, is a fine piece of early-medieval stone relief work, showing St. Julien, one of the quarter's saints, who was a humble ferryman, taking his boat across the Seine nearby. This relief was once over the porch of the little church of St. Julien le Pauvre round the corner; believed to be the oldest church in Paris, its foundations were laid in 507. It is one of the four or five buildings that will be spared demolition.

In its cemetery lie Julien de Ravalet and his beautiful sister Marguerite, perhaps the most representative members of a noble medieval family notorious for its crimes. For a hundred leagues round their Château de Tourlaville, near Cherbourg, honest men spoke their name with a shudder, wicked men with a leer. It was a Ravalet who, after having seduced the daughter of one of his vassals, planted her upright with head protruding from the ground and invited his friends to a game of skittles until she died under the blows. It was a Ravalet who murdered a priest at the altar. Julien, the last of his race, married Marguerite, his sister. This enormity was too much for the medieval conscience, and the scaffold claimed their shameless lives.

The Impasse Maubert, an ancient blind alley whose squalor clamours for the pickaxe, looks exactly what it is—an unhallowed spot. It contained until not so long ago a thieves' kitchen which was finally closed down after a series of atrocious murders. In the eighteenth century it housed the fearful witch's cauldrons of three women, poisoners by profession, who were discovered one morning suitably asphyxiated by exhalations from the concoction that they were brewing for yet more victims of their Satanic art.

The few yards that remain of the narrow, picturesque slit which is the rue des Anglais, remind us that in the twelfth century the English were the largest body of foreign students in the quarter. It contains a "Bal" which is the successor of the notorious eighteenth-century cabaret of the Père Lunette—haunt of reckless cut-throats, raw wine, and impudent women.

NEW DIGNITY FOR AN OLD SITE: A space cleared between the church of St. Julien le Pauvre and the Cathedral of Notre Dame. In the foreground is a tree dating from the year 1688

In the midst of this squalid ancientry, the little church of St. Séverin, whose twelfth-, thirteenth-, and fourteenth-century gothic exquisitely dominates the hideous scars of its seventeenth-century reconstruction, dissipates memories of vice and defilement, and like a compassionate prayer, heartens, shames, and comforts its lost children. In the rue St. Séverin there once stood beside the church a prison for unfortunate women. Passing daily to and fro before this, the good Abbé Prevost was inspired by it to write his poignant *Manon Lescaut*.

It is impossible in the space available here to do more than proclaim that the St. Séverin quarter is an overflowing treasure house of medieval history and quaint anecdote. If I have inspired any with the wish to idle about its mazes, while yet there is time, they will be able to appreciate its rich savours to the full by arming themselves with the two little classics produced by the quarter, the one written by a fifteenth- and the other by a twentieth-century poet. They are brothers across the centuries, for each loved the quarter which fascinated as it tortured them. I refer to the poems of François Villon and to the prose poem, *La Bièvre et St. Séverin*, of J. K. Huysmans, the learned, graceful, and sensitive historian born in the shadow of St. Séverin. Their irresistible gaiety shot with deep melancholy breathe the very spirit of those vanishing medieval streets.

Jossleyn Hennessy

THE OLDEST CHURCH IN PARIS: St. Julien le Pauvre, the foundations of which are believed to have been laid in the year 507. It was once surrounded by numbers of squalid houses, but many of these have recently been removed

CASHMERE and MOHAIR FOR AUTUMN

Pastel Colours and Italian Reds

Utterly simple in line, but glowing with colour, the cardigan-jumper at the head of this page is made in pure cashmere, and is miraculously light and warm. The two little breast pockets are lined with silk, the buttons are of natural wood, and it is made in such varied shades as flamboyant red and copper, natural, navy, beige, and blue. It costs 35s. 9d. at Harrods, of Knightsbridge

Pure cashmere again in the photograph above, on the right. This basket weave sweater shows the new boat-shaped polo collar, and it is made in the pastel shades as well as all other colours. The deep ribbing at the waist makes it fit very snugly, and the price is 35s. 9d. This, too, comes from Harrods, where there is an extremely interesting collection of new knitted garments

Black tulip is one of the most distinguished colours for the coming months, and it is in this shade that the knitted wool suit on the right is made. Loops of mohair are caught up in the weaving, and the cardigan has fin-shaped tucks at the back of the neck and down the front. In many colours, it costs six-and-a-half guineas at Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W.

Peter Clark

Drama of the Week

"Tulip Time," a Slick and Well-Produced Musical Comedy which, in Spite of its Faults, will Probably Enjoy a Considerable Success: An Early Shaw Play Revived at the Cambridge Theatre

Reviewed by

PHILIP PAGE

THE WEDDING RECEPTION AT THE AERODROME: A scene from *Tulip Time*, the new musical comedy with a Dutch setting which is produced by Anne Croft and is now running at the Alhambra. Standing beside the table is Sydney Fairbrother, and in the centre are Jean Colin and Joan Emney

ILLUSTRATED catalogues from Dutch horticultural firms have long cluttered up my waste-paper basket and reminded me that Holland is the place the tulips come from. *Charley's Aunt* gave us information about Brazil, "where the nuts come from," and *Tulip Time* at the Alhambra is a musical entertainment based on *The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown*, a farce of approximately the same vintage.

Since almost every country in the world has been used for musical-comedy purposes, with the possible exception of Lapland, one cannot grumble at the second use of Holland, which, like most musical-comedy singing, is flat, and is therefore an appropriate choice. It is, indeed, something nowadays to have escaped Ruritania and Austria, though the second word of the title suggested that poor old Schubert would be dragged in at any moment, and that the greatest song-writer of all time might not be monopolised by lilac. However, all was duly Dutch—at least in the setting, even if Double Dutch played too prominent a share in the proceedings generally.

As a farcical situation for a musical play the introduction of two young men, in feminine guise, into a ladies' seminary so that they might be near the girls they loved serves well enough. That W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan made a much better job of the idea in *Princess Ida* than Messrs. Worton David, Alfred Parker, and Colin Wark have done here need not worry anybody, least of all the Alhambra patrons who are probably more than content that this should be so. "I can't stick Gilbert and Sullivan" is a familiar theme of not a few of the younger generation as have sampled it. The non-samplers are probably in the majority. When Mr. C. B. Cochran introduced a brilliant Gilbert and Sullivan burlesque into a recent revue it failed to amuse, a Bright Young Thing, intelligent and tolerably well educated, informing me that she had never heard of Gilbert or Sullivan and that they meant no more to her in the dramatic and musical world than Swan and Edgar.

This digression is not so irrelevant as it may seem. There is a tendency to judge such entertainments as *Tulip Time* by too lofty a standard and, without conscious high-browism, to omit to regard them from the point of view of those for whom they are intended. I am not, I trust, aggressively high-brow. A Bach evening at the Queen's Hall and a Wagner evening at Covent Garden or a Shakespeare afternoon (except the funny bits) in Regent's Park afford me exquisite joy. So do Mr. Harry Tate, Mr. George Robey, Crazy Weeks at the Palladium, and everything and anything done by Mr. George Jackley and Messrs. Naughton and Gold in the Lyceum pantomimes. But if I was bored by most of *Tulip Time*, that is not to say that tens of thousands of people (who, fortunately for Miss Anne Croft and Sir Oswald Stoll, pay for their seats) will not rush to it as a Heaven-sent form of diversion. I think and hope they will. It is at any rate slick, pretty, and well-produced, and it is less pretentious than its immediate predecessor at this theatre.

HOODWINKING THE HEADMISTRESS: Bernard Clifton and Steve Geray (*left*) as the two young men who dress up as schoolgirls and introduce themselves into a ladies' seminary so that they can be near the girls they love. An amusing incident from the musical comedy, *Tulip Time*

There is some excitement in an aeroplane scene. And if in the lyrics there is little poetry, there is much affection, and very prettily does Miss Jean Colin, who continues to improve vastly and rapidly, sing them. If Miss Colin is still a little arch and a little too deliberately vivacious—well, when one is a musical-comedy heroine saddled with a name like Angela Brightwell, "what else can a poor girl do?" Miss Betty Baskcomb plays her less sentimental friend with a neat and telling sense of comedy; I venture to think she will make a big name for herself in this line and that she is not the daughter of our old friend "A. W." for nothing.

Mr. George Gee has opportunities to do and say more than he has had for some little time; but that, unfortunately, is not saying much. Miss Sydney Fairbrother, alas, is almost completely wasted. Mr. Steve Geray, a comedian from Hungary, made the most of the conventional humours of female impersonation, and should be given credit for not being in the least offensive. Miss Wendy Toye and Mr. Frederick Franklin danced well in an effective ballet, which would have been more effective still had not the music been incredibly banal. This music, I must add, in all fairness would have probably sounded better had it been played by a normal theatre orchestra instead of by a jazz-like combination piled up on the O.P. side, the remainder of the orchestra pit being occupied—for no reason that I could fathom—by a piece of a cottage.

One protest. Will Miss Anne Croft—a charming woman and a clever artiste to whom I wish success in this, her first, managerial venture—ask her talented company to confine their activities to the stage? This growing habit of performers mingling at odd moments, and frequently in disconcerting fashion, with the spectators has, I am aware, many and distinguished precedents. I believe Max Reinhardt started the trick in modern times; but that does not make it the less damnable. It was certainly in his production of *Œdipus Rex* for Sir John Martin Harvey that hordes of yelling "Greeks" surged along the stalls gangways, and on one occasion swept a late-comer, a diminutive dramatic critic, along with them in their mad stampede. The "joy-plank" days at the London Hippodrome came next, when often I used to long for a nice quiet seat on the stage. And recently in the revival of *The Miracle* at the Lyceum one found oneself bumping into nuns and asking a mitred bishop the right direction for "D 14 and 15."

THE HEROINE: Jean Colin, who plays the lead in *Tulip Time*, and whose acting, according to Mr. Page, "continues to improve vastly and rapidly"

These alarms and excursions in the auditorium in the middle of a play (I would, of course, except variety shows and pantomimes) are, to the majority of patrons, highly irritating. Not only are they unnecessary. They go far to kill illusion. One of the essentials of the theatre is that the footlights should divide the world of reality from a region which, if not necessarily mysterious, should be a world of its own and a remote one. Theatres are theatres and not cabarets. Let the performers keep on the stage proper—or on the stage improper if need be. The mingling can be done later on at supper time.

MAURICE SCHWARTZ: The brilliant Jewish actor whose performance as a Rabbi was one of the features of *Yoshe Kalb*, the play with which the Yiddish Art Theatre Company of America recently scored such a success at His Majesty's Theatre

GREGORY STROUD who, following several successful seasons with the D'Oyly Carte Company, is now playing leading parts in Gilbert and Sullivan operas in Australia, where he is enjoying a great personal triumph

"Man and Superman."—Mr. Charles Macdona has long kept the Shavian banner flying in London and elsewhere, and the latest Shaw season—at the Cambridge Theatre—has started well with a revival of *Man and Superman*.

The famous old play (it is over thirty years old) emphasises the many recent observations that the Shaw of those days could, as a dramatist, knock spots off the Shaw of 1935. As a comedy it is of a high order; it is almost perfectly constructed; it has drama too, and there is wit in plenty. As a philosophical treatise, which in a greater or lesser degree every Shaw-play has to be, it is, mercifully, in the lesser category. Not that Mr. Shaw's philosophy is not usually entertaining. But on the stage one can have too much philosophical entertainment, and his later plays are so drenched with it that there are long and dreadful periods when they cease to entertain at all.

The ideas in *Man and Superman* are familiar, of course, but that is only the fault of the play's deserved popularity. That Woman, in the person of his heroine, Ann, is a relentless pursuer of the male we do not have to be told in this year of

(Continued on p. 298)

A phone girl, Elizabeth Dreiser,
Used to weep at each call. Now Eliza,
Revived by Schweppes Tonic,
Shouts rude telephonic
Remarks at the Trunks Supervisor.

Schweppes
TONIC WATER
- does you Good

A Motoring Holiday in Spain

Modern Highways that Link Places of Historic Interest

LAUNCHING THE 1936 PROGRAMME: Some notabilities of the motoring world photographed at the Standard Motor Company's showrooms at 37, Davies Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.1, where there was a gathering a few days ago to celebrate the introduction of the new range of models. *Left*—Major R. E. Maude (director) and Captain J. P. Black (managing director of the Standard Company). *Right*—Major Grigg (chairman of the Car Mart) chatting with Major Maude

I HAD anticipated a good deal of pleasure in one way and another from a holiday in Spain. It was somehow an unexpectedly agreeable surprise, however, to find myself within five miles of Gibraltar, on a road which was not merely good, but one of the best on which I had ever driven. Subsequent experience, by which I mean a journey to Jerez, eighty miles away to the north-west, midway between Gibraltar and Seville, and an 800-mile run right up the east coast and over the French frontier, confirmed this first impression.

I have since been given to understand that main road conditions in these areas are by no means exceptional, but are typical of the country as a whole. That is to say, the roads are wide (not quite so wide as our new arterial roads, but appreciably wider than the ordinary English main road); their surfaces are excellent and entirely free from dust; they are banked at every corner (a concession which we make only to racing motorists) and are very efficiently posted with direction signs. In hilly districts every severe corner is protected with stout wire netting, and a comprehensive system of whitewash indications makes driving by night as easy everywhere as it is by day.

If one cannot speak with quite so much assurance about the secondary roads, it is only because many of them are still in process of being made, and one is liable to strike some bad patches—a relentless succession of miniature craters for ten or twelve miles, with a steam roller broadside on round a sharp turn at the end of them. This was my experience going to Jerez, not by the main coast road via Algeciras (I came back that way and found that the only obstacle it offered was a magnificent view of the African coast), but inland, through the mountains, by way of Medina Sidonia. After leaving the coast, the road first climbs through wild, rocky country, and later drops down into those broad, undulating pasture lands, where the Andalusian fighting bulls are bred. The scenery seemed to me good enough to justify the risk of broken springs, and it is only fair to say that of the whole sixty miles of this particular road, which, apart from Medina Sidonia, passes through no towns at all and only about three villages, not more than fifteen were really bad, and there was a gang of men at work on them. Further, I do not think I can have met at the most more than half-a-dozen cars between Gibraltar and the outskirts of Jerez.

ENGROSSED: Captain J. P. Black (managing director of the Standard Motor Company) seen with Mr. Oliver Lucas and Mr. Peter Bennett (joint managing directors of Messrs. Joseph Lucas) outside the Standard showrooms in Davies Street

The great era of modern road construction in Spain started under the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera. Fortunately, the same policy has not only been maintained, but is also being extended under the Republic, it would appear. Spain, however, is a big enough country still to be able to startle one with the contrasts it presents between new and old. You are likely to find either a superlatively good road, or else there will be no road at all. Many parts, therefore, especially where it is mountainous, are extremely inaccessible. On the other hand, there are none of those little lanes, so familiar at home, out of which traffic is liable to dart at you when you are cruising along at a placid sixty. In the south it is astonishing how little traffic there seems to be of any sort; my impression is of hundreds of miles of perfect road with nothing on it except donkeys with laden panniers.

The sole respect in which the Spaniards really fail is in the matter of by-passing. You do by-pass one or two of the smaller towns, but not many of the villages. Sometimes a speed limit of 20 kilometres an hour is advertised on the wall of the first house. In practice, however, a very much more exacting one is actually enforced by reason of the fact that the village street is a municipal rather than a national concern, and the inhabitants are evidently no believers in a policy of action towards displaced cobblestones. Also, by the time you reach the middle of the village, the street has generally become so narrow that everybody has to go indoors before you can get by, and if you meet something coming in the opposite direction, one of you has to retreat. This is certainly a curious and regrettable anachronism—but Spain is not so thickly sown with villages that they can be said to make driving difficult.

(*Continued on p. 298*)

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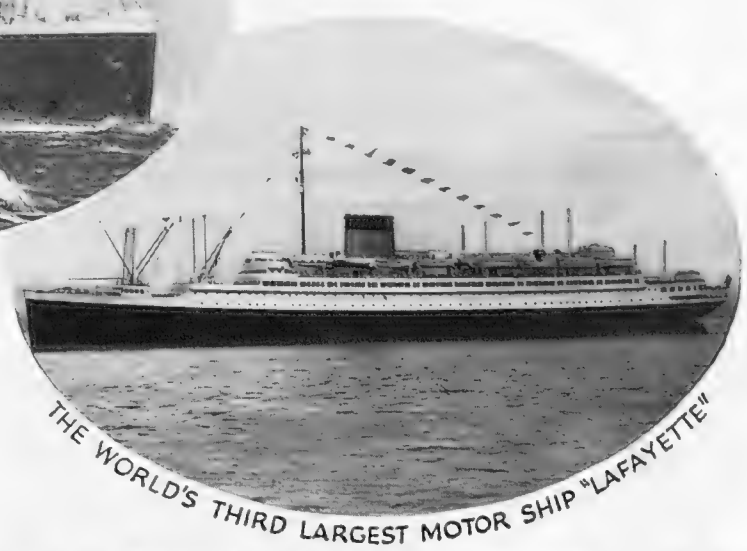

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DRAMA OF THE WEEK *(Cont. from p. 294)*

grace, nor would I be prepared to swear that Mr. Shaw was the first to tell us, congenial theme though he has found it. As to its truth, we may quote the criticism of another Irish dramatist of one of his own epigrams: "It is perfectly phrased and quite as true as any remark in polite society need be." Shaw's society is less polite than Wilde's, but he can play with an idea just as exquisitely.

The acting of the present revival is for the most part immaculate. The John Tanner of my early idolatry was Mr. Robert Loraine (when, by the way, is that fine actor going to return from America?). Mr. Esmé Percy, who now plays the part, has been rightly described as an ideal Shaw actor. If he has not Mr. Loraine's breezy virility he has subtlety in plenty and distinct diction. Miss Margaret Rawlings too, has fine diction; if she has a certain Mrs. Siddons-like stateliness which her predecessors did not show, possibly because it is inconsistent with the character, she was always "interesting."

A MOTORING HOLIDAY IN SPAIN

(Continued from p. 296)

The Elysian conditions that prevail generally are only modified when you are following a sharply indented bit of coastline, and in the immediate neighbourhood of big towns, especially as you get towards the industrial north. In Malaga all you have to remember is that you must not hoot after eleven o'clock at night. In Alicante there are policemen with ideas of their own about traffic direction. In Valencia there are red, green, and amber lights on the familiar model. But in Barcelona, after you have entered it by what must be the widest and longest and most South American looking avenue in Europe, all the streets appear to be one way (the other way to which you want to go), and there are traffic lights and traffic policemen as well.

For some miles both north and south of Barcelona a good deal of traffic is likely to be encountered. The road follows the exact line of the coast, and parts of the approach to Barcelona from the south are rightly described as "sharply sinuous." Near Tarragona, for instance, there are six hairpin bends in rapid succession and on a fairly steep gradient, preceded by about fifteen miles of switchback effects that would make the majority of fun fairs look pretty shabby. I mention this though, not as a warning, but just in case anything I have said previously should suggest to the keen motorist that he is likely to be bored. In the same connection, it may also be remarked that another stretch of the new road that is being built over the Sierra Nevada was opened last week. It reaches a height of 10,800 feet, which is claimed as a record for Europe, and makes accessible a region of magnificent scenery hitherto quite unknown to tourists.

When the Heather Blooms

Notes from a Country Lover's Diary

THE moorlands lie spread out as a glowing sea of amethyst that darkens into deep purple in the shadows—beneath the rich colour of the autumnal sky. Slowly the bell heather is passing now, almost imperceptibly, but the ling blooms strongly, rising high in graceful feathery tufts, and as yet there seems no fading in the beauty of the scene. All is very quiet now—in these wide spaces—there is little sign of any wild life here beyond the ever-present rabbits feeding and playing about their sandy burrows.

At times a small, sharp crack breaks into the far-reaching silence as the resourceful furze shoots her seeds abroad, for the pods are dry and full ripe, and thus with an intelligent foresight, wasting no time, does the parent bush send forth her offspring into the world.

A lonely buzzard circles skywards, a kestrel hawks in the far distance, and a curlew rises from the heathery ground with a sudden call of "curlee-ee."

He is heading towards the coast. It may be that now he is forsaking the moors, his summer home, for the great salt marshes, there to spend the wintry months, as is his way.

And so the moorland is bereft of yet another of her children. A wandering flock of lapwings pause in their flight and make a short halt upon a strip of turf: they feed awhile, but soon they, too, pass onwards to a more prolific feeding ground amongst the pasture lands.

Into the trees and bushes there has crept a hint of autumn. About the green fronds of the rowan leaves there is now, here and there, a touch of lemon-yellow. And upon the sycamore some few of the leaves are curled and shot with russet. The thorny network of the brambles has much variety in its colour. The fruit, in divers stages of green and red and purple, is scarcely ripe as yet within the copse. But the blackberries that, emerging from the shade, trail along the sunny bank are further advanced, and they are already stained with a deeper hue.

Close by there flows a winding stream that threads its way through a bright galaxy of flowers, flowers that thrive upon the freshness which clings about the watery places. Groups of loosestrife are massed upon the bank, their rose-purple points reflected in the stream. Farther along grow the faintly-coloured flowers of the hemp agrimony in a wealth of soft, powdery bloom. In midstream the lily pads lie like tiny anchored rafts and, as such, they serve a useful purpose for some of the birdland folk. For presently there is a rustle in the thick branches above the loosestrife, a flash of gold, and a yellow water-wagtail sweeps down upon the lily raft. He makes a picture full of charm, and he would seem to dance upon his leafy island, as he trips here and there and turns and curtseys, his long tail swaying. As he bends to drink the rich yellow of his underparts is clearly mirrrored in the still water. He leaps to seize a passing insect with the swift grace of all his movements, and then he flashes across the stream away into the overshadowing trees.

Soon he, too, with other bright things of the summer days will have slipped away till spring spins round once more upon the wheel of time.

This place seems to be the chosen haunt of both beauty and the beast; for no sooner has beauty in the shape of the yellow-hammer in his olive and gold attire departed, than the beast appears—a great water rat who scurries through the grasses, over the mud into the water. He swims strongly, submerged all but his brown head, across to the farther side, aud here he clambers ashore, and hastens along to vanish in his home beneath the bank. The entrance to it lies underneath a large stone; and this leads to his burrow with its snug room places, tunnelled far into the earth. This blunt-nosed personage is, in reality, not a rat at all. He is a water vole; and can claim kinship with the beavers.

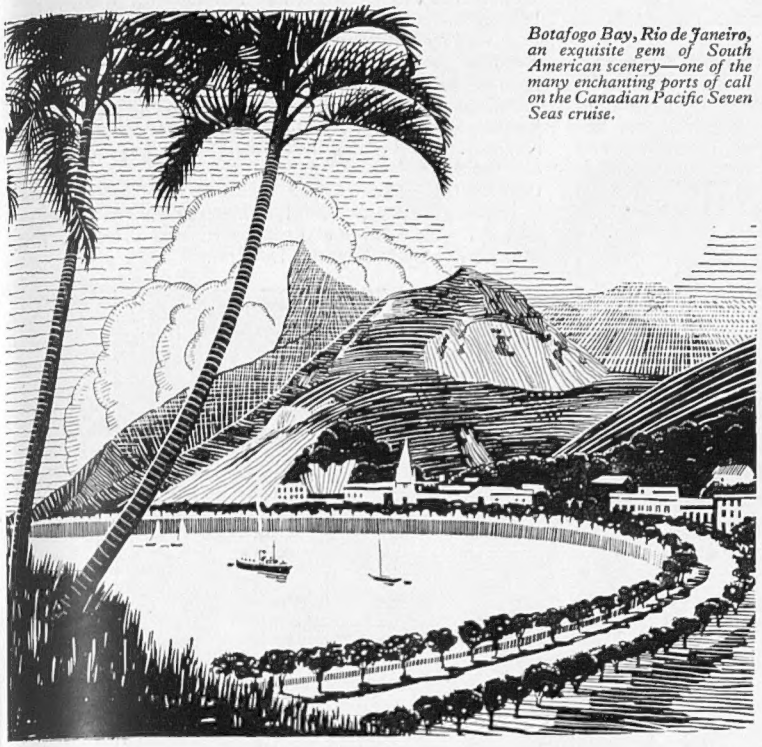
Now and again wasps may be seen issuing from the tangled bushes, small black and orange figures that wander out across the open ground. These are members of a colony of tree wasps; and concealed here is their home, placed well above the soil, safely secured amongst the twigs.

Their nest is made for the greater part from wood shavings reduced to a pulp. This substance is fashioned by the ingenious creatures into a weatherproof globe. And this then serves as a protective cover for the cells within. But now it will not be long before this abode, made with such an admirable skill, will be deserted by most of its inhabitants, for the season of the wasps is a short one and will soon be at an end.

For the house martins, too, the season is ending, but in a different fashion—for they will soon be renewing their summer in the south. Some of them have already started upon their great journey. And these—lingering as they come to the refreshing waters, hawk and play about above the stream—the pure white of their chest and throat conspicuous as they speed through the air . . .

And so the tale of summer has been told, and these and countless other signs show that autumn has begun, and that the equinox with its wild, tempestuous weather is not so very far away.

M. W. H.



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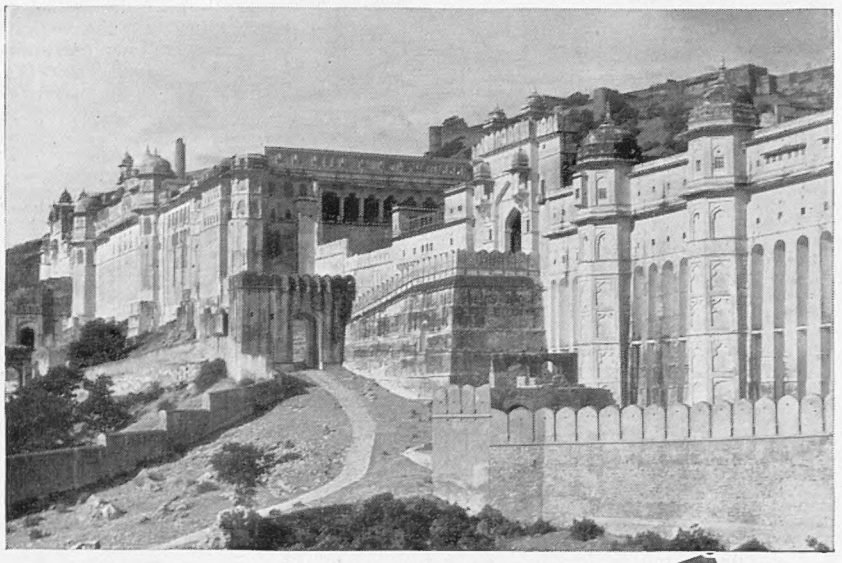
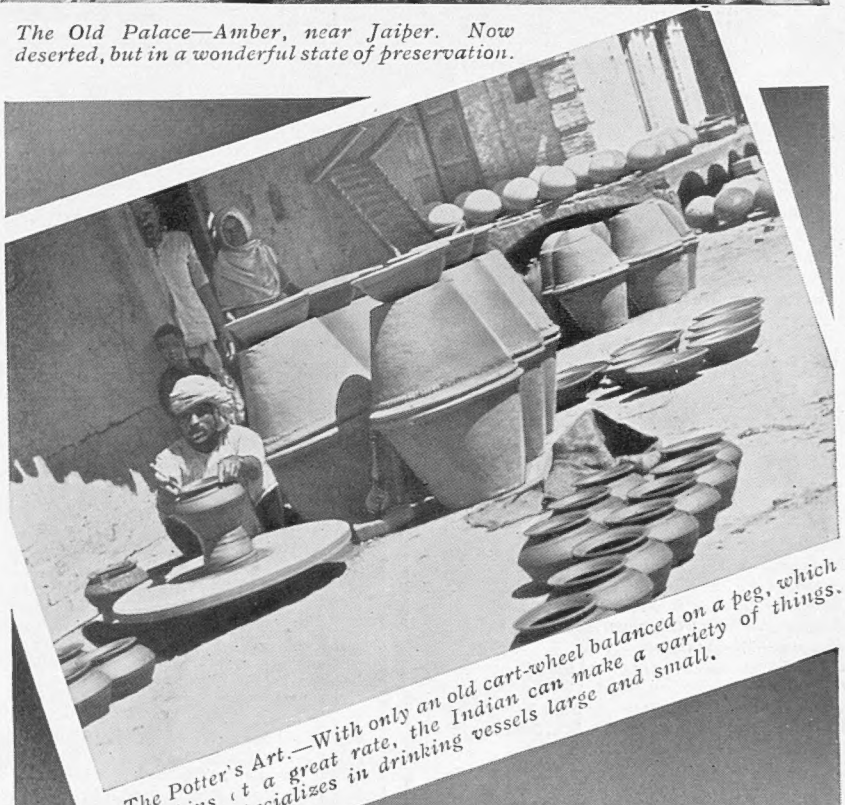


The Old Palace—Amber, near Jaiper. Now deserted, but in a wonderful state of preservation.



The Potter's Art.—With only an old cart-wheel balanced on a peg, which he spins at a great rate, the Indian can make a variety of things. This one specializes in drinking vessels large and small.

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QUEEN WILHELMINA AS A CHILD: An early portrait of the Queen of Holland who, with her daughter Princess Juliana, has been spending a holiday at St. Fillans, Loch Earn, Perthshire. Her Majesty was greatly in need of a rest following her strenuous endeavours to assist her ministers in dealing with the country's financial crisis

THE CLUB OF ELEGANTS

(Continued from p. 276)

enquired, too bad-tempered, unoriginal and dear, hadn't it exported too much of its own vital self to other cities, lost charm and individuality, and what about all these fêtes?

Fondling a bulldog, Colette sat in her ultra-modern Champs Elysées apartment. But never convey to her the impression it radiates! "I don't want to have the impression I'm in Paris. I've planted small trees on my terrace to have the illusion of the provinces. I'm from Burgundy and intend to remain so! I don't care for the social whirl and only go out when I have to, as critic. As for the Fêtes de Paris—I don't give a rap for them! They no longer know how to organise fêtes. A republican régime is incapable of seeing or acting bigly enough. But Paris will survive. By Paris I mean the provinces, all the districts piled like villages one next to the other. Paris lives outside of fêtes."

"Yes, but surely there were a score of reasons why Paris as cosmopolitan centre had to be preserved? So much hung upon a Paris Season, national prestige itself, the reputation for sparkle and éclat, to say nothing of La Haute Couture and luxury commerce in general?"

Colette would not be further drawn.

So there we have the picture, and I do not know what is going to be the outcome of it.

In the frame of mind above-represented did the *gratin* of "Tout-Paris" raise its standard "For Elegance"; and if in the sequel an uncomfortable suggestion of obligatory pleasure-going betrayed itself; if some unpatriotic grouchers refused to throw open their salons and gardens, insisting that "*ça ne se commande pas, le plaisir*," preferring to stick over cards; if the smartest Parisienne in the upshot began to jib at getting into *décolleté* regularly and to order, at 8 p.m. (was not the special glory of her kind the hat for evening wear?); if a Paul Morand could afford to edit skits on the fearfully important fêtes:—

June 21. Concours of Elegance in Gas Masks.
June 26. Venus Rally.
June 30. Reconstruction of the Murder of the Duc d'Enghien. Illumination of the dungeon of Vincennes,

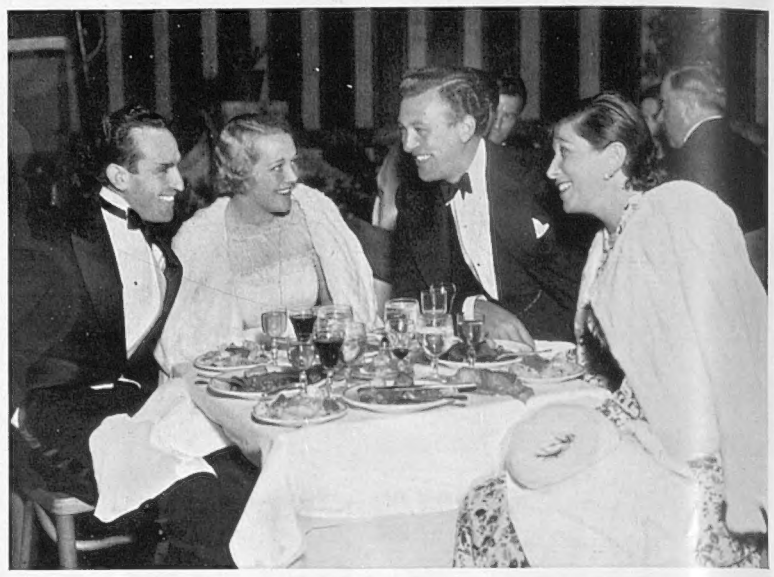
if, in short, it is no easy or comfortable affair trying to put Paris back on the social map, desertions from the ranks of elegance were rare; this year, at all events.

Our Paris and Berlin Offices

At the Paris offices of *The Illustrated London News, The Sphere, The Sketch, The Tatler, The Bystander, Britannia and Eve, The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable reading-room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge, on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

A lady called in at the Society's Headquarters to make enquiries about her grandparents. She had previously ascertained that her father had, when a boy, been admitted to the care of the Society in 1867. He is now well over seventy years of age. On looking up their records the Society found that he was deserted by his parents at the age of nine, and was brought to their Headquarters by a policeman. Since leaving their care he has done well, and is now a J.P. in affluent circumstances. On leaving the Headquarters the lady left a cheque towards the funds of the Society. Donations towards this great work of training poor boys and girls to become good and useful citizens are urgently needed, and all gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



HOLLYWOOD PARTY: Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Brisson having supper at the same table at the party given by Ernst Lubitsch, managing director of Paramount, to celebrate his marriage to Vivian Gage. The American comedian, who started his film career over twenty years ago, and the Danish musical comedy star are close friends, and are often seen together in their free moments away from the studios

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Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

(See also 3rd page of Cover)

D., India (England).—The South Kensington Hotel which you liked so much is one of the "Empire" Hotels, which have, most fortunately for you, hotels in both the districts you mention—the Valley of Rocks Hotel in Lynton, North Devon, close to Exmoor, and the Grand Hotel at Scarborough, which is a convenient centre for exploring the Yorkshire moors. You could travel from Lynton to Scarborough via Blackpool, where there is also an Empire hotel, the Metropole. Blackpool is extremely bracing, and within fifty miles or so of the Lake District to which you could make a day excursion. As you do not wish to take your children with you on the tour we suggest that you send them to Ramsgate, where there is a good beach. The Empire hotel there is the Granville.

R., Yorks (Atlantis Winter Cruise).—The *Atlantis* of the Royal Mail Line is making a prolonged cruise from January 24, 1936, to April 6, the fare for this 73 days' cruise which covers 21,000 miles ranging from 150 gns. The itinerary includes Madeira, Barbados, Trinidad, Cristobal, Balboa (for Panama City), Hawaii, Honolulu, San Francisco (for the Grand Canyon and Yosemite Valley), Los Angeles, Jamaica, and Las Palmas.

B., Lancs. (Spain).—We do not think you would care to visit the north coast of Spain during the late autumn, for the season there closes at the end of September, though the weather would probably be quite pleasant until the end of October. We suggest you visit one of the small resorts on the Mediterranean coast north of Barcelona, such as Tossa, or if you prefer a gayer place you could stay at Sitges, a popular and attractive seaside resort about twenty-six miles from Barcelona. There is a 9-hole golf course at Sitges and a very good sandy beach. The Hotel Sitges charges from about 8s. per day. The return 2nd-class fare from London to Barcelona via Dover-Calais-Paris and Toulouse is £14 4s. 10d. The return 1st-class fare is £19 4s. 8d., but we advise you to travel 2nd-class and take a sleeping berth, the supplements for this being £2 15s. each way.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

H., Middx. (Majorca–Tangier).—The single tourist class fare from London to Palma by Union Castle Line is £7, the 2nd class fare overland from Barcelona to London, via Newhaven—Dieppe, being about £9 13s. 4d. The *Llandovery Castle* of the Union Castle Line leaves London on October 3, arriving in Palma on the 9th. You could reduce the cost of the return journey considerably by travelling 3rd class, but we do not think you would find the long journey from Barcelona to Paris very pleasant, travelling in this manner. In Palma you could stay at the Hotel Inglesa which charges about 11s. per day. This hotel is situated in El Terreno, the residential suburb of Palma overlooking the sea. It should be possible to bathe there during early October. If you have time you should spend a few days at Alcudia on the north-east side of the island. This is a delightful little place, though there is not a great deal to do there. You would find the Miramare Hotel very comfortable. Messrs. Dean and Dawson, of 7, Blandford Square, London, N.W.1, organise some very reasonably priced tours to Majorca, and we advise you to get in touch with them before making any definite plans for your holiday. The cheapest return tourist class fare to Tangier by P. and O. boat is £9. The overland fare from Algeciras via Madrid and Paris would be very expensive. There is a good sandy beach at Tangier, and you would find the Hotel Valentina reasonable and good.

H., Hants. (Austria).—Kuhtai is at an altitude of 6,000 ft. and would therefore be most suitable for a holiday in early January, as snow is not always to be found so early in the season at the lower resorts. There is only the one hotel at Kuhtai, the Alpengasthof Kuhtai, where you would pay about eight Austrian schillings per day, per head, for a month's stay for four people. For young people we think that Lech at a height of about 4,750 ft. in the Voraalberg would perhaps be more suitable than Kuhtai, as it contains several hotels and will therefore offer more choice of other young company. The Hotel Tannbergerhof in Lech charges about eight Austrian schillings per day.

P., Hants. (France).—Varengeville is a delightful little place with a good beach, and surrounded by a magnificent pine forest. It is 5 miles from Dieppe, with which it is connected by motor bus. There is an 18-hole golf course at Dieppe, on the Varengeville road, and a casino at both Dieppe and Pourville. You will find many delightful walks in the vicinity of Varengeville including that to Ste. Marguerite, a highly picturesque little village on the coast. The Hôtel des Sapins at Varengeville is most comfortable and has a very large garden, being within a ten minutes or so walk of the beach. The Hôtel de la Terrasse is larger, and of course, more expensive. Quiberville is 8½ miles east of Dieppe, but we do not think it is so attractive as Varengeville.

N., Northants. (Lake district).—Keswick is one of the best centres from which to tour the Lake district. You would like the Keswick hotel which stands on a hill in its own grounds, overlooking the town. Terms there range from five guineas per week.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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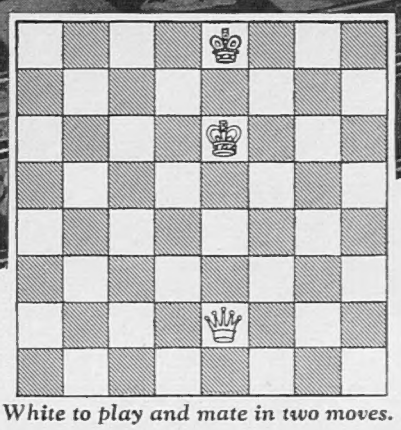

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